THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1826

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 19 1935

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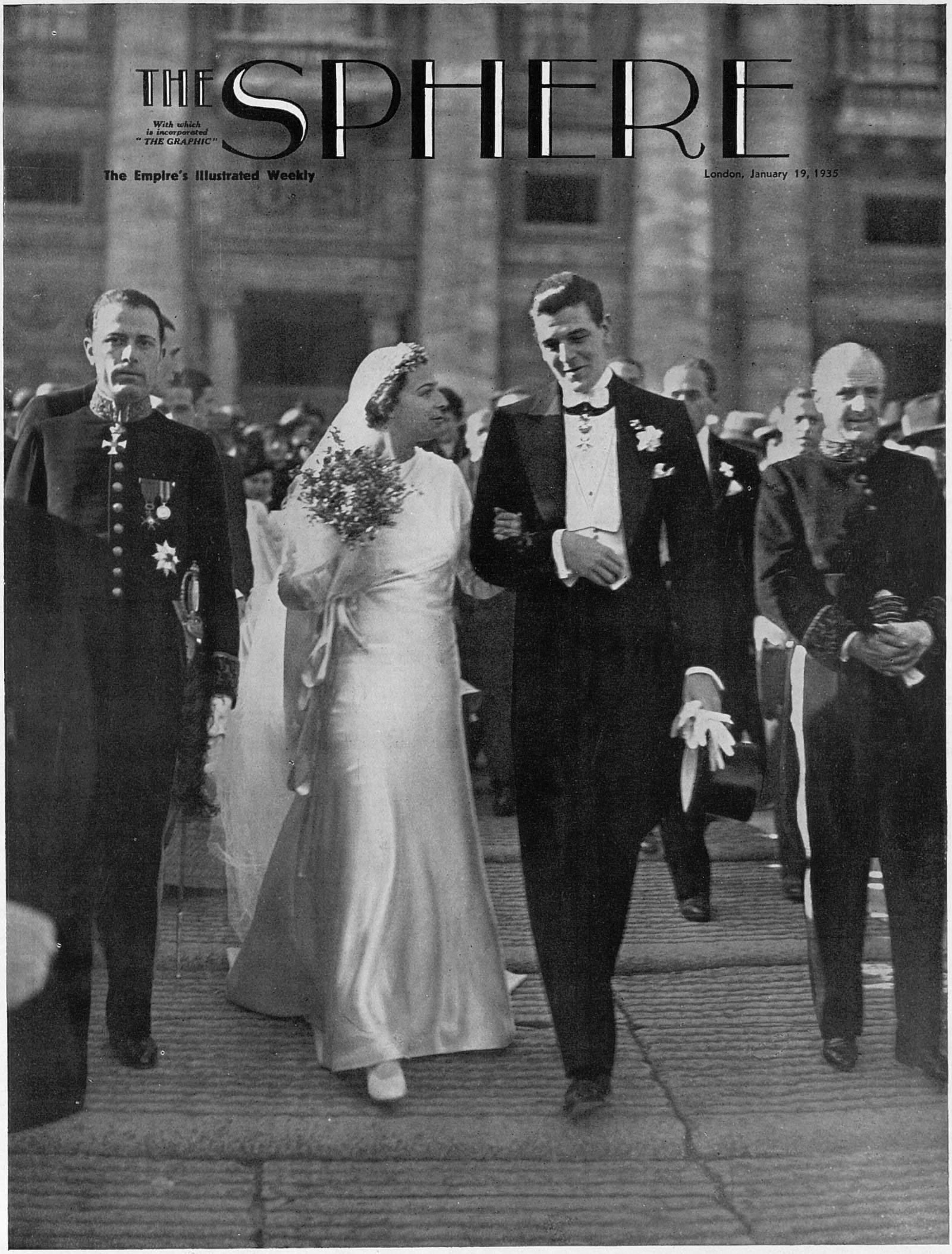
P.A.42A

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 19, 1935



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN ROME

The Marriage of the Infanta Doña Beatriz of Spain to the Prince of Civitella Cesi

Not since the marriage of Prince Umberto, the heir to the Italian throne, to the daughter of the late King Albert of Belgium, has Rome witnessed a wedding so full of pageantry as that which took place on Monday last when the elder daughter of King Alfonso married the Italian prince, Don Alessandro Torlonia. In the elaborately adorned Gesù Church the King and Queen of Italy, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, the Count of Paris (representative of the Bourbon-Orléans family), many other Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, Spanish noblemen, and members of Italian society, gathered to witness the ceremony. There was, however, one notable absentee—Queen Ena of Spain. In this picture the bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the Vatican, where they were received in audience by the Pope before going on to the wedding breakfast. The honeymoon is to be spent in the United States

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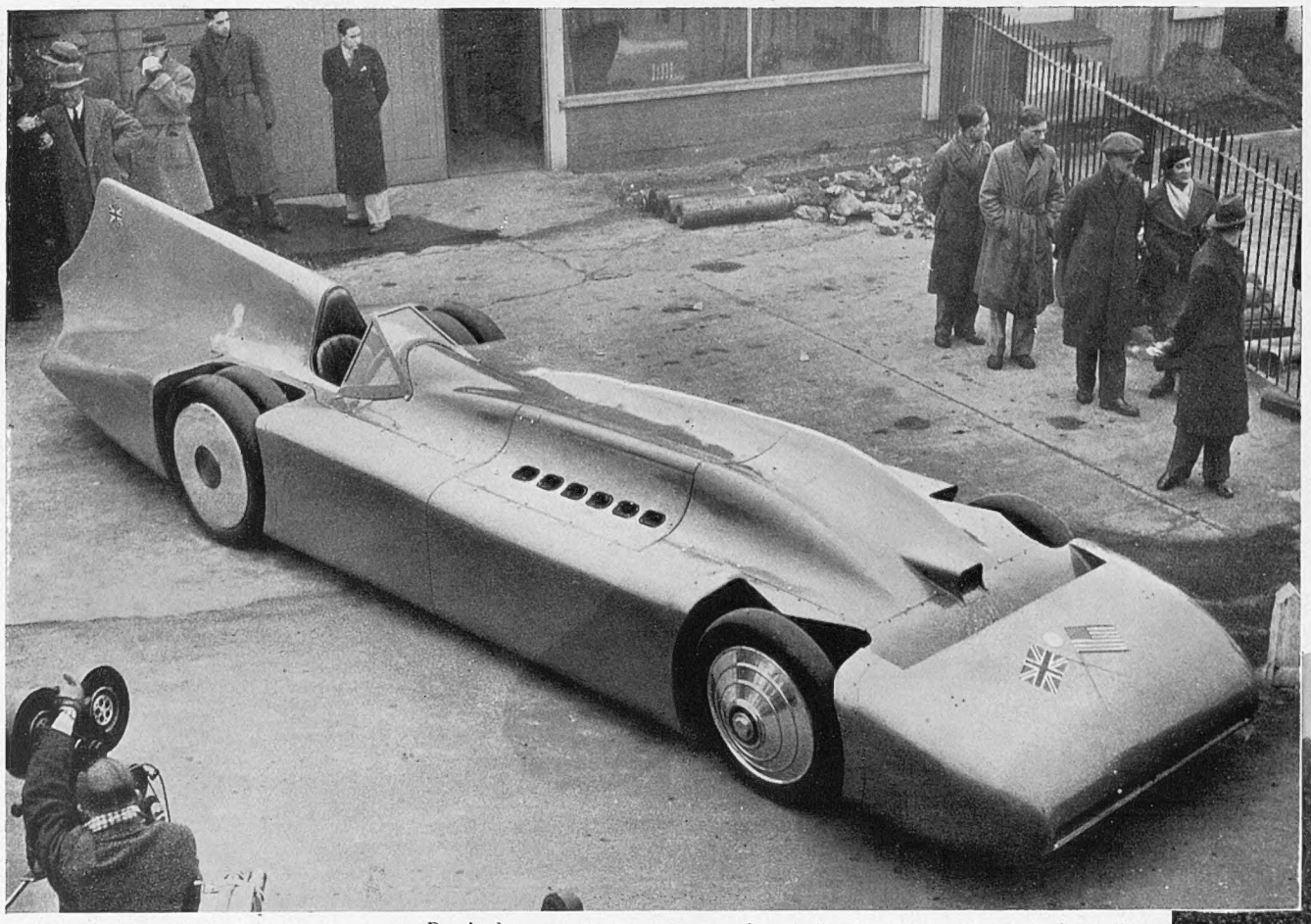


SPEED INCARNATE: The newly rebuilt *Bluebird* in which Sir Malcolm Campbell will shortly attempt to beat the record of 272 m.p.h. which he set up at Daytona Beach, Florida, in 1933. It is believed that several new improvements in the streamlining will, if conditions are favourable, enable the car to travel at about 300 m.p.h.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 16, 1935.

THE VOICE OF THE SAAR.

—The English (as opposed to the Irish, Welsh, or even Scots) are rather lukewarm and self-conscious when waving the flag of nationalism. But then Englishmen have been particularly lucky in history. They and their territory have been largely spared from domination and interference by foreigners. Accordingly many Englishmen have been surprised by the enormous and critical importance continuously attached in the Press to the Saar plebiscite, and confidently predicted that the result of the voting would be Bathos, and the whole business end in smoke and good humour. The more so since a majority of the watching world has long regarded the issue as an odds-on certainty for re-incorporation in Germany (Hitler or no Hitler) to which the territory belongs, with the *status quo* as a bad second (a mere place bet for half-hearted patriots), and the third alternative (handing over to France) not in the running at all. Nazi Germany and Hitler, despite their stupendous propaganda efforts, never doubted the issue, and Hitler's Government announced the composition and terms of reference of the new regime some days before the poll. In exchange for the return of her lawful territory—for fifteen years in chancery under a League Commission—her 800 square miles of rich territory and her 800,000 nationals, Germany has undertaken to pay £12,000,000 to France for her "rights" in the Saar coalfields. The average Englishman found it difficult to understand why the crisis should be prolonged beyond the poll (which he regarded as a foregone conclusion). The votes counted, it remains for the League to "decide the future of the territory." But, says the average Englishman, what is the range of that decision beyond the voice of the Saarlanders? The voice has spoken. Ninety per cent. plump for Fatherland; the next step is a question of accountancy only. The man-in-the-street is assessing his merit as a prophet and wondering whether this particular crisis in Europe can now be sponged off the slate.

ART IN INDUSTRY.

—It is probably true that the worst outrages in the way of applied art are finished with (or, at any rate, perpetrated). Never again will machines turn out so many and such dreadful examples of mass-produced artistic designs. Mr. Tudor-Craig recently put very clearly and shrewdly the crux in the application of art to industry.

(1) There must be something of the same spirit which actuates pure art in art applied to industry—namely, a desire to create (as opposed to a desire to please).

(2) Hitherto, ornament when reproduced by the machine has been denuded of its only *raison d'être*. It becomes a mere pattern.

(3) This truth brings the realisation that machine-made goods demand their own technique of design. It is sometimes entirely different from that of the craftsman.

(4) The manufacturer has already reached three conclusions:

(*a*) Artistic design *is* necessary in modern industry.

(*b*) The new technique must be found.

(*c*) The artist is at present the only fit person to invent the new technique.

But industry cannot afford to depend for its reward on the praise of men of taste or on the veneration of posterity. It must pay dividends—and next year. The relation of art to industry (and the happy continuation of its marriage) unfortunately depend on three important persons: the manufacturer, the salesman, and the buyer. Notoriously the public is ill-educated in artistic matters and prefers prettiness or novelty to simplicity and fitness (which last two are the essentials of all taste). Less notoriously, but inevitably, distributors and salesmen, the trade buyers, are conservatives and very much averse from taking risks with new lines having no *proved* demand. In a word, the danger ahead of "art in industry," lies in the fact that there is no time in the industrial struggle in which to educate the public taste (and with it the taste of trade buyers) to reject the shoddy and the tasteless and to insist on simplicity, fitness, and beauty. Hence the importance of the Burlington House and similar shows. These are at present almost the first efforts towards a public course in artistic taste.

THE SHOW'S THE THING.

—And so to the show. In what departments has applied art proved its worth? I should say *imprimis*, in poster display. British poster work seems to me to be already abreast of the times and ahead of its rivals. In glass work very surely simplicity, grace, and fitness are creating original beauty. Not to mention the pleasant conceits evolved from synthetic resin. In silver work and plate, the reaction to simplicity and even severity of design is almost too violent. The balance of the whole seemed to me often marred by the clumsy bulk of handles in ivory, wood, or bone. Modern jewellery is interesting; tiaras, newly designed to fit sinuously round diminished heads, appeared to me, as displayed, to be shapely but fussy. It was in the furnishing sections that I lingered longest. These beautifully made pieces reveal the full beauty of line and of colour, and display the natural beauty of well-chosen woods. I do not object to the modern room on the score of its coldness or bareness. It is fit, simple, cheerful, and labour saving. But my complaint is that it is not built for the race of men from which I sprang; a race whose babies had arms and legs and a desire to use them at all moments of the day. That enchanting nursery was surely built for a paralytic baby. A race which inherited heirlooms and albums and stored them away and hoarded them, a race which gloried in the possession not of twenty-four books but of twenty-four shelves of books; which kept its old suits when it bought new, and boots also. In a word, a race which needed space and storeroom and suffers from intolerable claustrophobia lacking them. A race also big in the beam and tipping the scale up to 14 stone. But this furniture is designed for fairies, these rooms are arranged for marble statues. . . . .

BACK TO THE LAND.

—The Government's half-shaped plan for a great land resettlement scheme, as an item in the programme of the Special Areas Commission, was foreshadowed in the daily Press in good time to take some of the wind out of the sails of the Bangor New Deal. It is likely to be completed and begun this year. It is, of course, from its essence, immensely interesting. The whole idea of getting people back to the land, of creating new and thriving village communities, of increasing our home food supplies, is romantic and inviting. That new ground would have to be broken to make any such scheme appear practicable was obvious. No official scheme of land resettlement has broadly succeeded hitherto. The Government was right to crib the ideas of the Society of Friends; for the private endeavours of the Quakers have succeeded where official schemes have failed. Why? Because a large scale scheme usually lacks the essentials to success. These essentials include a good deal of psychology. The failings and frailty, the petty jealousy and diverse mentality of the colonists, cannot be disregarded. The men must be guided, forced to combine, taught their job, supplied with markets and tided over first failure and unforeseen natural disasters. It is impossible to have one cast-iron law to govern a dozen such communities. Each must be treated individually according to the individual temperaments of the colonists composing each, and the local circumstances.

ON COLONIAL LINES—

There is another new idea in the scheme now foreshadowed. For the first time, this land resettlement scheme is to be carried out on the lines of a colonial settlement. The old Motherland of England is for the purposes of the scheme to be resettled as though it were virgin soil in an unbroken soil-area of our remoter Empire. Material will be provided with which men will build their own houses at a cost not exceeding £200 in all probability. An age limit, but not a low one, will be fixed for the men. There will be a resident adviser and instructor to each community. What with house material and provision for water, fencing, farm buildings, land and stocking, each settler family will

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE WINTER: Gathering

probably cost something like £800. To settle 18,000 families on about 4 acres apiece will probably involve the expenditure of £15,000,000. If success results, this sum can be reduced directly by the removal from the unemployment pay roll of many thousands. Success, however, depends on the maintenance of higher prices for farm produce and the continuance of cheap money. It also depends on the ability of the instructor to find markets, to organize displays and propaganda, and so to study the colonists as to secure co-operation, fellowship, and mutual help. In a soulless, official scheme these last essentials are impossible. If conducted on private venture lines, with the individual pyschological aspect constantly in view, the vast expense involved may be justified, never as an economic venture but as an experiment immensely worth while in tackling the moral problem of unemployment.

THE LINDBERGH CIRCUS.

—Well may decent Americans in every walk of life tingle with shame for the vulgar, the outrageous travesty of dignified legal proceedings which the first stage of the Hauptmann trial brought out. It may prove to be one of those long-drawn-out, last-ditch defences which underline the weakness of a sentimental democracy whose legal system lacks all tradition, all dignity, and is the happy hunting ground of political intriguers and press circulation-hunters. The idea of prejudging the trial over the wireless could only have originated in America. No other nation in civilization could have conceived so unpious and fearful a buffoonery as that orgy of *ex parte* and out-of-court special pleading by counsel and witnesses. One's first sympathy wells up for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh. It seemed once impossible that America and her unhappy social chaos could inflict upon the stricken pair greater or more agony than they have suffered already. But it soon grew clear that not only would the old and terrible wound be re-opened, but that it will be stirred to new and sharper pain by the application of the salt and pepper and mustard and vinegar of strident journalism, tickling the insatiable palates of a sensation-mad public. The last hope of decent Americans and of decent people all the world over is that the Lindberghs' agony, accentuated by this outrageously-staged "Roman holiday," may at long last bring about such a widespread public reaction against the absurdity, the vulgarity, the indignity, and the futility of American justice that Mr. Roosevelt will be compelled to turn from "more important matters" and implement that long-promised article in his new deal, a root and branch reform and purge of America's social system. The first stall in that Augean stable which cries to Heaven for his reforming broom is the loose-box of American legal procedure, which is rank with mildewed litter and mouldering excreta.

J.P.s IN CONCLAVE.—

At the beginning of a new year, when magistrates of the Petty Sessions throughout the country sit in conclave, it is an apt occasion for a Press symposium to review the complaints and weaknesses of the (on the whole) admirable system of volunteer justice. Because it has on the whole worked so well, with so much good sense and dignity and impartiality, the system is inevitably inclined to grow over-rigid. The average age of magistrates is still too high; the direction is too much in the hands of the old and the hide-bound. In many districts younger and newly-appointed magistrates find it extremely hard to gain experience. In a residential, petty-sessional district the weekly attendance in court is often the sole recreation of a score of old gentlemen with nothing to do. They would not miss their two hours a week of authority and human interest for anything. Magistrates from outlying villages come into the court to find twenty magistrates in serried rank presiding over a dozen cases of minor infringements of the road code, and for very shame of adding to the ridiculous plethora, return home. Yet every attempt to enforce a rota of attendance is strongly resisted. The same chairman and vice-chairman are annually proposed (by the vested interests of old age), and the young entry grows old before it has had an opportunity to learn the ropes. Small wonder if serious motoring offences are still dealt with by stage-coach minds, and if police and public who dutifully go to the invidious trouble of prosecuting, are discouraged. This new year is notable for a new subject for review—the first year's working of the "Children's Charter." The "new deal" for children is still in the experimental stage. Magistrates are constantly struck by the absurdity of "gentling the law" for a class of rough and undisciplined youth of seventeen who might possibly be deterred from further misconduct by a sight and taste of the Law at its most majestic and awful. And the questions of the adequacy of approved school accommodation, of remand homes, and of home probation require at least another year's practical experience and observation before they can be answered satisfactorily.

FLAT AS YOUR HAT.—

The death of William Edgell of Midsomer Norton shall not pass unnoticed and unsung by me. At the age of twenty William Edgell took a solemn oath to his dying father that he would devote his whole life, if necessary, to proving that the earth is flat. For fifty years he worked at his imposed task; during the whole period he never went to bed but slept in a chair with one eye open and fixed on the Pole Star which he contended was no farther off than is Vancouver from Bristol. He reached the conclusion that the earth, if not flat, was basin-shaped with the sun moving across it north and south. Did he *prove* his case in his own place? It is known that he failed to do so universally, for he died untimely at seventy-three. But if he convinced Midsomer Norton, then Midsomer Norton is immortalized in Kipling's famous song:

"The village that voted the earth was flat,
Flat as your hat and flatter than that . . ."

Almost he convinces me. Such enthusiasm must needs win converts. And after all, how absurd to pretend one sticks upside down on a spinning cricket ball. If he does not quite convince me, he entirely wins my admiration. In every Midsomer Norton such enthusiasts as he work happily at their theories. They are the very backbone of England and the savour of social life. This earth would be flat indeed without such men as William Edgell. May earth lie light (and flat) upon him.

HOBHOUSE'S C. J. FOX.—

In reading again Mr. Hobhouse's recent book on Charles James Fox, which is still being favourably reviewed in the Press, I came across one of those little "howlers" which all of us who have to do with historical memoirs know too well are easy to make and very difficult to spot. But they are fine tests for reviewers, and their passing-over indicates the degree of care with which present-day reviewers read the books they criticise. At page 252 Mr. Hobhouse states that among the young men surrounding Fox was "Lambton, the Byron of Politics," who produced the Durham Report. Now John George Lambton, First Earl of Durham, "the Monarch," "King Jog-along-on-£40,000-a-year," was born on April 12, 1792, and was therefore a very precocious young man indeed if he were in Fox's political circle in 1793. The reference should have been to his father, William Lambton. THE OLD STAGER

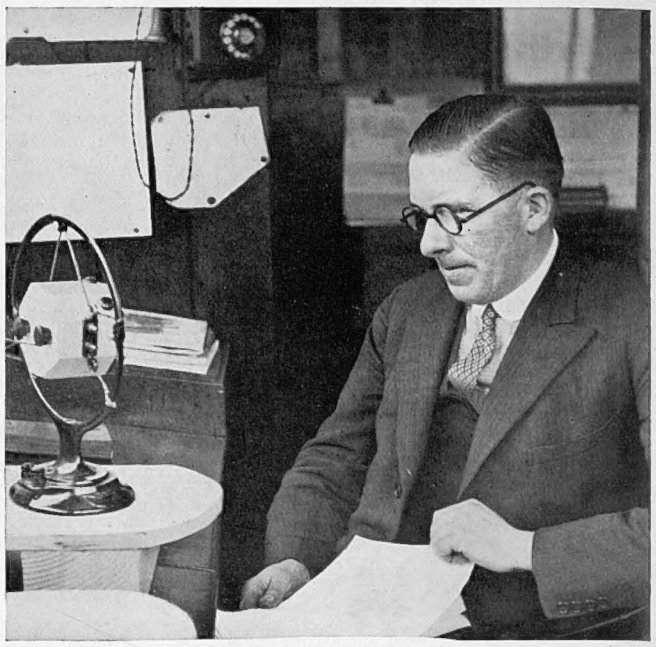
"HEARD THIS ONE?"—The Honourable Julian Brougham, son of Lord Brougham and Vaux, as Johnny Walker, with Robin Horton as a clown at the 15th Annual Peter Pan Party held at Claridge's in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes

...rly narcissi on St. Mary's—the principal island in the Scilly group

THE NEWLY-WEDS: Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye seen after their arrival in England a few days ago. Their recent marriage at Yuma, Arizona, caused a great sensation, and they are now over here for their honeymoon. They expect to be in London for about six weeks

MAINLY PERSONAL

A CHAMPION OF THE FARMERS: Lady Evelyn Balfour (centre) chatting to friends outside Sanctuary Buildings, Westminster, after giving evidence last week before the Royal Commission on Tithe Rent Charge. She complained of irregularity in the methods of tithe collection, the impossibility of farmers obtaining redress, the partiality of the police, excessive distraints, and cases in which seizures of property were purely victimization

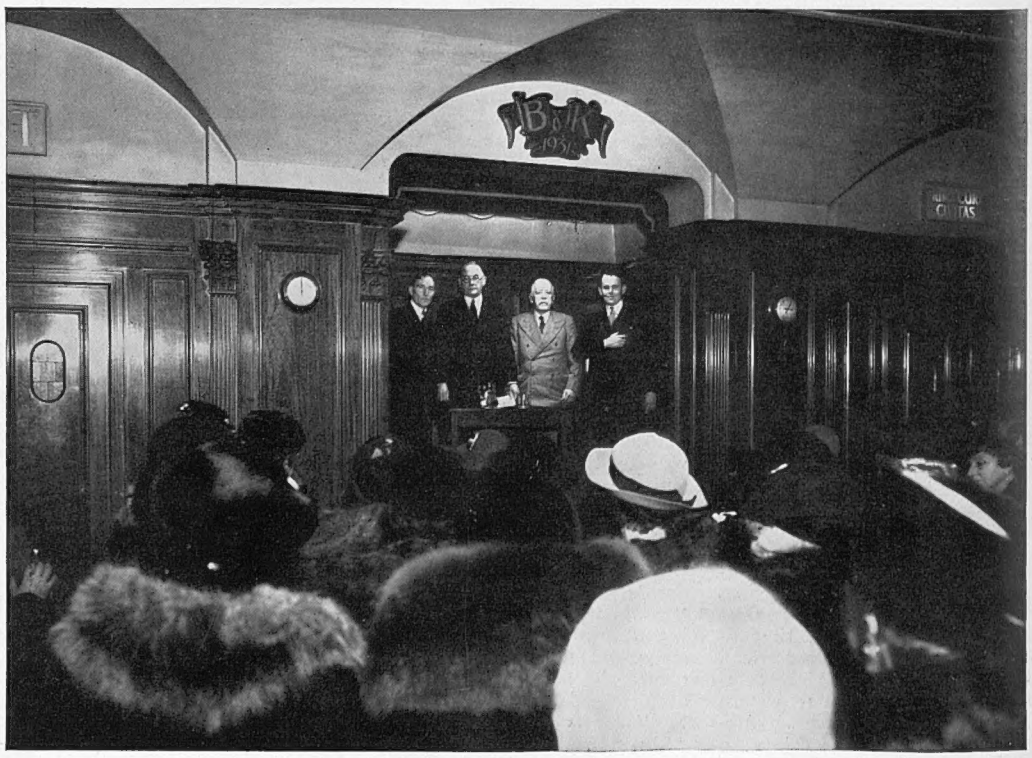


"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION": Finding that a ship's cargo of oil was too thick to be discharged through the pipes in the ordinary way, Mr. James Patten (a North Shields yard manager) placed the vessel in a dock, heated the water in the dock, and thus succeeded in liquifying the oil. He is seen here broadcasting a description of his ingenious and successful experiment

AMERICAN BEAUTY: Mr. Paul England, the well-known singer, with some of the girls who arrived at Plymouth last week in the liner *Lafayette*, and who are shortly to appear at the Adelphi in Mr. Clifford Whitley's show entitled *Stop Press*

REMOVED TO A MORE CONVENIENT AND APPROPRIATE SITE: This statue of Sir Robert Peel, which has stood for the past fifty years in Cheapside, tended to obstruct the flow of traffic, so it was taken away by motor lorry last week to the New Police College at Hendon. It weighs over three tons

A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP: At the wedding of Paymaster-Lieut. D. K. Winslow, R.N., and Miss H. J. Whitehead, which took place at Cockayne-Hatley Church, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, a roasted ox was given by the bride's father. Here the bride is seen cutting the first slice



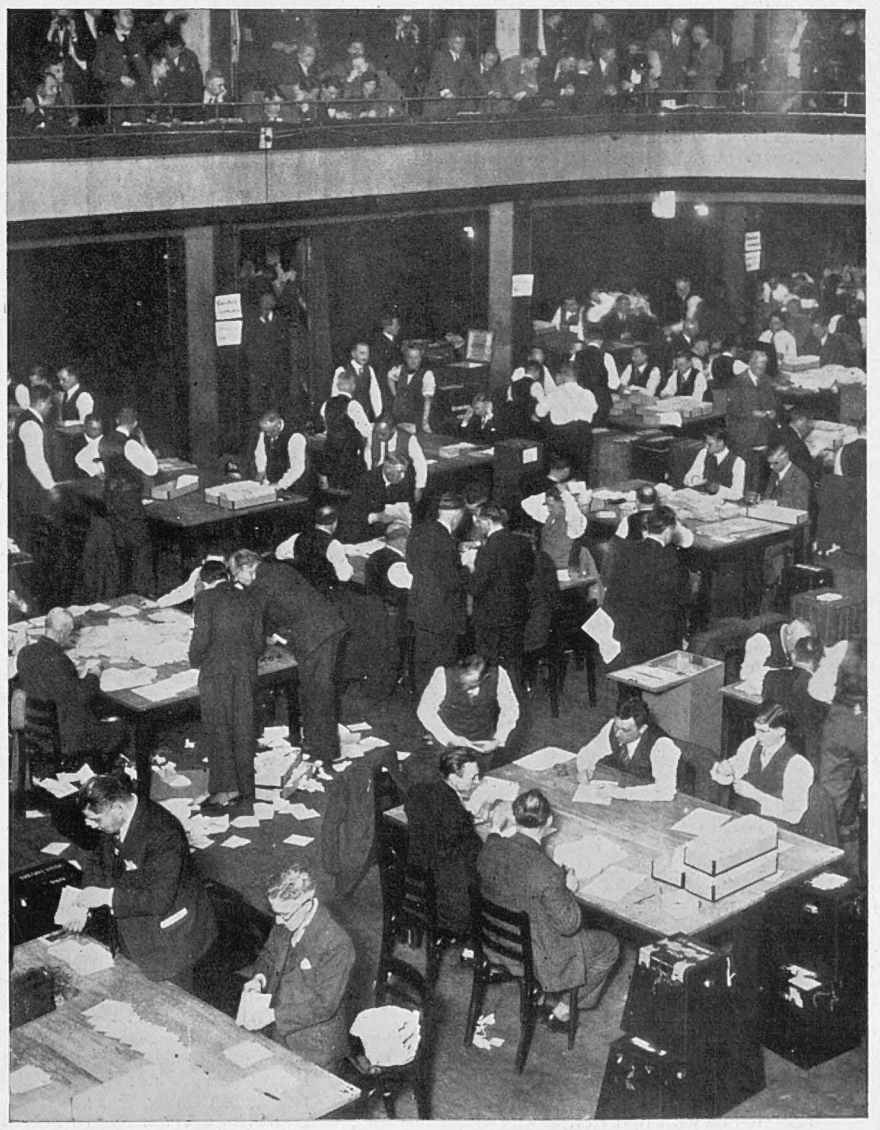
A LITERARY OCCASION: Sir Philip Gibbs (first from left on platform) being introduced before giving one of the talks arranged by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son and held in the lounge at 254, Earl's Court Road. His subject was "The Novelist as Historian." Standing with him are Sir Burton Chadwick (chairman), Mr. W. R. Davis, J.P., and the Hon. James Smith. During this winter a number of other prominent writers have agreed to lecture

SAARLANDERS DECIDE THEIR DESTINY

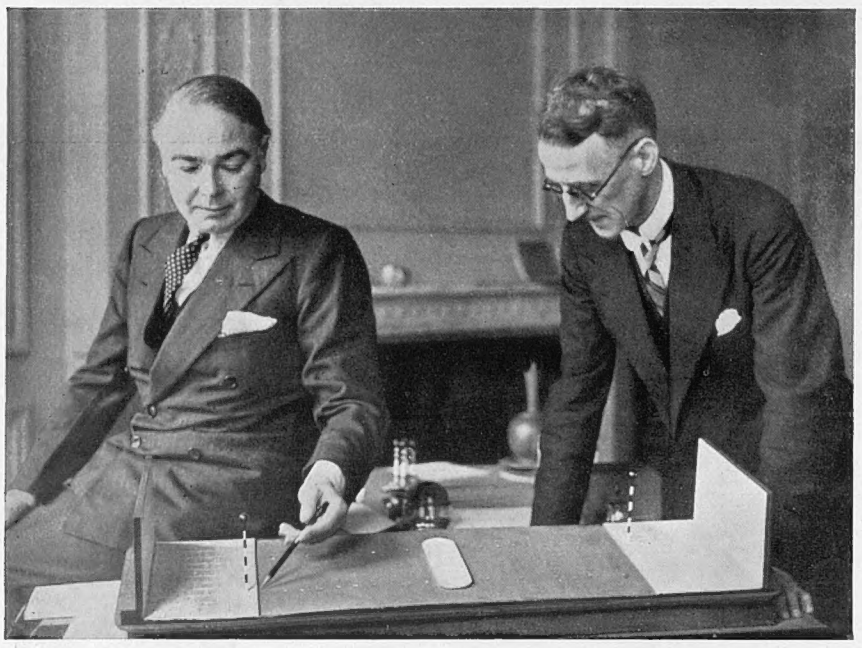
The Plebiscite Results in an Overwhelming Vote for Reunion with Germany

LINING UP OUTSIDE A POLLING STATION: A scene in the Kronprinzen Strasse, Saarbrücken, on Sunday when the great plebiscite was in progress. The result was a tremendous triumph for the Nazis, 90.36 per cent. of the electorate favouring the return of the Saar to Germany, and only 8.87 per cent. voting that the territory should remain under the ægis of the League of Nations

A DISTINGUISHED VOTER: Herr von Papen, a former Chancellor, and at the present time the German Ambassador in Vienna, handing in his ballot paper at a Saarbrücken polling station



COUNTING THE VOTES IN THE WARTBURG HALL ON MONDAY NIGHT: In order to convince any possible doubters that there would be no tampering with the ballot papers, the proceedings were held in public and several hundreds of people were admitted to the gallery. *Left*—Voters arriving by 'plane at the Saarbrücken aerodrome



THIS BEACON BUSINESS: Mr. Hore-Belisha discussing his "pet" scheme with one of his assistants at the Ministry of Transport

A MINISTER WITH A MISSION

Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha Intensifies His Safety-first Campaign

By W. HOLT WHITE

"My Duty lies plain before me. It is to use to the full the powers which Parliament has conferred upon me to ensure the orderly and safe use of the highways of the country."

Now Mr. Hore-Belisha's room at the Ministry of Transport in Whitehall Gardens looks across a stretch of grass to the Embankment—still one of the worst danger spots in London. And when he spoke these words Mr. Hore-Belisha's commonly smiling upper lip stiffened and became stern. And no wonder.

The Minister is finding this battle against death on the roads a hard one. But he is not the type of man to break off action in the middle of a fight, and there are already signs that the measures which he has taken are beginning to tell.

Presumably, too, he was cognizant of the appalling figures for last year—7,273 dead and 231,698 injured which were just about to be published.

Now when he made this statement, Mr. Hore-Belisha had reached not only a critical but an interesting stage in his career as Minister of Transport. He had before him a wealth of detail relating to the tests for new drivers which will come into force on April 1; he had just determined that pedestrian crossings are to be extended to all parts of the country, and was preparing the necessary means for instituting searching enquiries into road deaths, no matter where they might occur. Further, he was on the eve of signing the order which will fix a speed limit in built-up areas of 30 m.p.h. as from March 18 next.

And here it is really vitally necessary in the interests not only of Mr. Hore-Belisha but of the public themselves, to disabuse the general mind of the impression that Mr. Hore-Belisha is simply a ruthless dictator who is a law unto himself. Nothing can be further from the fact. And, having regard to Mr. Hore-Belisha's gifts for propaganda, it is perhaps a little astonishing that he should have permitted this impression to grow and become embedded in the public mind.

From the very start Mr. Hore-Belisha has only exercised the rights given him under Parliament. True he has sought fresh sanctions from Parliament and obtained them.

It would be waste of time to explore all the various Acts and Orders concerned. It could only produce a worse jam in traffic legislation than there are at certain points traffic jams on the roads. On the other hand, two striking instances can be given to show that the sanctions asked for by Mr. Hore-Belisha are based on legislation in existence long before he came to the Ministry of Transport.

Take, for instance, the Regulations in respect to "Traffic Signs (Pedestrian Crossings) Provisional Regulations, 1934." These Regulations were based on powers vested in the Minister by Section 48 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930.

Take a further Regulation in respect to "The London Traffic (Pedestrian Crossing Places) (No. 2) Provisional Regulations, 1934." This last set of Regulations was based on Section 10 of the London Traffic Act, 1924. But—and that is the point to note—both these Orders bear the words "Provisional Rules and Orders, 1934." This means they are emergency regulations, and as such, on account of their urgency, could be put into force under Section 2 of the Rules Publication Act, 1893, and continue in force until Statutory Rules had been made in accordance with that Act.

The interpretation of the Rules—should dispute arise—is vested in the Interpretations Act, 1889, which provides for the interpretation of an Act of Parliament.

Thus it will be seen that the whole scope of Mr. Hore-Belisha's sometimes sweeping actions has been in an ethical sense constitutional and in a legal sense well "within the law." If Mr. Hore-Belisha and his advisers have studied the various Acts of Parliament which control their actions more closely than did their predecessors, and have, moreover, had the courage to apply those powers in what has seemed the best interests of the people, then the Ministry of Transport is surely deserving of praise rather than censure.

We have now accompanied Mr. Hore-Belisha sufficiently far on his rough pilgrimage—and it is a rough pilgrimage—to see that he is not the ruthless despot that some have painted him. He is merely making use of the law. And here it should be made clear that whatever certain sections of the public may think of him, he has met with the support of his colleagues in the Cabinet, and in no case yet has Parliament refused to confirm his Provisional Regulations.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD IN 1934: The scene after a collision which recently took place near Buckingham Palace. On Tuesday of this week the Home Office announced that 7,273 people were killed and 231,698 were injured last year in Great Britain in road accidents in which vehicles and horses were concerned, as compared with 7,202 killed and 216,328 injured in 1933

Now what are the principal bones—one had almost said herring-bones—of contention? They are—and they are placed not in categorical order, but as they loom in the popular mind—

(1) The forthcoming enforcement of the speed limit in built-up areas.
(2) Pedestrian Crossings.
(3) Tests for new drivers.
(4) Investigation into road deaths.
(5) Silence Zones.

Now Mr. Hore-Belisha's difficulties in respect to these matters are not only material but psychological. The psychological are probably the more formidable. I am not in any way committing the Minister but I should imagine that during the past few months there has been a growing uneasiness that, despite all efforts by means of education and exhortation, human nature is difficult to change; and it has been difficult to reconcile the warring interests of motorists, motor cyclists, pedal cyclists and pedestrians.

It should be understood that there is not in contemplation any war on motorists. What has to be done in the case of the motorist is to prove to him that so long as he is on a road on which there is other traffic, he must understand that he is not in sole possession of that road. There is very little difficulty with the average motorist. It is—so far as can be seen at present—the inconsiderate few who cause the trouble. There were loud complaints at first against the Belisha Beacons; but now that the Orange Groves have been firmly planted, they are bearing good fruit. The very presence of the beacons keeps in the motorist's mind the fact that such people as pedestrians do exist; and observation of the main thoroughfares reveals that motorists are, in general, acquiring the habit of automatically slowing down as they approach them. It is, indeed, the motor cyclists who frequently cause the most trouble. They seem to live a life of recklessness all their own. And, curiously enough, great numbers of pedal cyclists are almost as careless as motor cyclists are reckless. Many pedestrians, too, are also the cause of a great deal of trouble and worry to the authorities, and on the question of Pedestrian Crossings the position should be made clear. If there is a crossing where there are lights but no police supervision, the pedestrian should move in conformity with the traffic. If there are merely unlighted beacons at a crossing where a policeman is in charge, the pedestrian must cross at the direction of the policeman. If there are beacons where there is no police supervision, then in every case the pedestrian has the right of way. On the other hand, common sense and courtesy must be used. It is folly to step off immediately in front of an on-coming car, and there is a class of pedestrian which appears to think that there is something fine in exercising its rights. Elderly people in particular seem to be the most obstructive and what the Ministry of Transport calls "awkward." The result is that such pedestrians not only inconvenience the rest of the traffic, but risk killing themselves.

Altogether, the lot of the Minister of Transport, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. But, in the case of Mr. Hore-Belisha, it may appropriately be said that he is "Smilin' Thro'." Nothing seems to daunt his unquenchable spirit; and already a new spirit is discernible in road-users as a whole. The initial outbursts against the Ministry's various actions have died down. Thousands are happier for the silence zones, and driving without the horn has given countless motorists a new sense of awareness and caution. Slowly but surely, people are learning to cross the road at the beacon

After all, it took the police of Paris three years to train pedestrians there. It is all largely a matter of adopting a new point of view and accustoming oneself to new habits which are really designed for the benefit of all. The Englishman does not care for too much restraint; but as soon as he understands that the restraint imposed upon him is really for the benefit of himself and his fellows, he quickly and loyally responds. There was once an outcry against queuing up for buses. It soon died.

The main thing to remember is that neither motorists, motor cyclists, pedal cyclists, nor pedestrians are being bandied about by a body of peremptory bureaucrats acting under the orders of a Traffic Dictator. There is no Dictatorship. Merely, at long last, a Minister who has grasped and who is not afraid to use, opportunities for reducing the casualty lists by putting into operation laws which have been carefully considered and sanctioned by both Houses of Parliament.

FOR BUILT-UP AREAS: Some of the new 30-m.p.h. signs which are being made in large numbers for local authorities at the Royal Label Factory, Stratford-on-Avon

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MEETS

Hunting and Coursing North and South of the Border

THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE: Mr. M. Dewar and Miss Rushton arriving for the meet of the Eridge on the day following the Hunt Ball

FOOT-FOLLOWERS: Miss Mary Collins, Miss Patricia and Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell (daughters of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell), and Miss Keer Smiley at the Children's Meet of the North Cotswold at Broadway

PERTHSHIRE PERSONALITIES: Four notables at a meet of the Northern Coursing Club held in the grounds of Megginch Castle, Errol. Left to Right: Mrs. Graham Menzies, Lady Scone, Lord Scone (M.P. for Perth), and Mr. Neil Graham Menzies

WELCOMING THE MASTER: Lady Susan Birch with Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Mangles who hunts the Essex side of the Essex and Suffolk country—a picture taken at a lawn meet in the grounds of Beaumont Hall, Lady Birch's home near Clacton. *On right*—Captain H. S. Eeles with his daughter and Miss Burdett-Coutts at the after-the-ball meet of the Eridge

b

CARVED OUT OF A TREE TRUNK: A giant canoe used by the natives of the Nicobars for inter-island trading. It holds about forty people

THE LITTLE-KNOWN NICOBARS

An Account of a Visit to this Remote Group of Islands in the Bay of Bengal, and of the Strange Customs of the Primitive Inhabitants

By C. J. BONINGTON

With the approaching completion of the Singapore Naval Base looming large in the public eye, the Nicobars, a group of islands situated in the south-eastern portion of the Bay of Bengal, may in the near future emerge from their remoteness, and become an important link in the chain of Empire communications. Lying just north of Achin Head in Sumatra, the islands control the entrance to the Malacca Straits, and have a commanding position in the Bay of Bengal.

The islands are divided into two groups: to the north a low-lying, thickly populated set of islands, rich in coco-nut palms, yam and fruit plantations, comparable to Tahiti and other far-famed islands of the Pacific; to the south a dark, mountainous, threatening mass, covered with dense, tropical forests, the home of a wild and savage tribe, members of which have never seen the white man or come within the influences of civilization. To the casual visitor, and even he is rare, they possess a peculiar fascination. Communication with the outside world is limited, and the station ship from the Andamans, under which Administration the Nicobars lie, visits the islands but once in two or three months. There is but one white man resident in the whole group, and he is isolated on the most northern island.

In 1932 the Royal Air Force sent three flying boats to survey and take aerial photographs of Nankauri, a magnificent harbour in the northern group, capable of holding half the British fleet and strategically impregnable. During the Great War, the elusive *Emden* visited the harbour, but as one of the native headmen according to custom, on the approach of a vessel, hoisted the Union Jack, she beat a hasty retreat with the impression that concealed batteries would open fire.

Historically, the islands are interesting. They are the scene of the unsuccessful attempts at colonization and evangelization by Portuguese missionaries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, followed by French Jesuits and Moravian (Herrnhuter) missionaries up to the end of the eighteenth century, all of whom succumbed to malaria. William Dampier, the great navigator, was marooned there in 1688, and gives a thrilling account in his famous Travels, of a stupendous journey to Sumatra by canoe, in the monsoon season, a distance of a hundred miles across the sea. Following further attempts at colonization by the Danes and a Prussian adventurer named Franz Mauer, the British Government took formal possession in 1869, following numerous Nicobarese piracies on trading vessels, with the subsidiary reason of wishing to prevent the establishment of a rival foreign naval station.

During the recent Census of India, I was fortunate enough to get the opportunity of spending several months in the islands and attempting to enumerate the population. The Nicobarese are of Indo-Chinese origin as distinguished from the Tibeto-Burmese and Malay races. They are short in stature but possessed of a magnificent physique brought about by their active open-air life and frequent long canoe journeys between the islands. They are self-governing, inasmuch as disputes between villages, and serious offences against the law, alone call for the intervention of the European Assistant Commissioner. All other matters are regulated by the village headman and his council of elders. Until recent years, "Devil-Murders" were current throughout the islands, a form of getting rid of undesirable individuals comparable to the modern lynch-law of the United States. The victims were usually guilty of some form of witchcraft or had come under the displeasure of the "mailuna" or witch-doctor and were killed in a peculiarly cruel and revolting manner. The legs and arms were broken or dislocated to prevent any retaliation, and after being partially strangled, the body was thrown into the sea, with a heavy stone tied round the limbs. Owing to the influence of the administration these practices have almost ceased.

After experiencing considerable difficulty in getting my baggage and party ashore in very heavy surf, by means of light out-rigger canoes, I said good-bye to the ship and civilization for several months. The island of Chowra where I was landed, had frequently been visited before, but I was the first European who actually stopped on the island for any period of time. Among the other islands of the Nicobars it enjoys a dubious reputation, by reason of its being the home of witchcraft and pottery manufacture. To manufacture pots on any other island is "tabu," and no Nicobarese would dream of cooking his food in other than a Chowra cooking pot. The result is an annual pilgrimage every year to Chowra to secure the necessary cooking pots and barter for canoes. One year, owing to stormy weather a canoe-load of people from the northern island of Car Nicobar were prevented from returning. After a week the Chowra people decided that it was unnecessary to continue feeding twenty surplus mouths, so they massacred the whole lot of them. I myself experienced no danger there beyond a lot of discomfort entailed by sandflies and the complete lack of fresh water. The island being a coral formation, the so-called fresh-water wells were empty at low tide and full of a green saline liquid at high tide. The inhabitants themselves rely on the water of the coco-nut for their refreshment.

The trade of the Nicobars is chiefly in coco-nuts, which, forming copra, are shipped to the Indian and Penang markets. Indian trading schooners and Chinese junks visit the islands, where their agents have established small trading stores. With the help of one of these agents I was able to visit the other islands of the group. In recent years numerous small Japanese motor-boats of 20 to 25 tons burthen make the long journey from Singapore and Penang in search of pearl-shell, of which there are considerable rich beds in the vicinity. The majority of these are poachers, and owing to the lack of surveillance they have made a fortune by diving for "trochus" and "turbo" shell, which are sold on the Singapore market for 600 rupees a ton (£45), and are later shipped to Japan to make buttons, etc. Rumour has it that it is not for shell alone that the Japanese are cruising in the vicinity of the Nicobar islands, but that they have an ulterior motive. The skippers of the Chinese junks in these parts are very courteous men and considered that a present of a couple of bottles of brandy was a necessary adjunct to one's embarkation.

The islands of the southern group, of which Great Nicobar is the most important, consist of high mountain ranges covered with dense tropical jungle. In the interior, up one of the large rivers we found a tribe of people known as Shom-Pen, of magnificent physique, dark Malayan features, and long flowing hair. They were shy and timorous, and it was improbable that some of them had seen a white man before. Their huts are built either in the trees or on posts 12 to 15 ft. off the ground. They are completely ignorant of agriculture and support themselves by hunting wild pig and fishing in the rivers. Occasionally, when in need of cloth or iron, they descend on some isolated coast village while the men are away, and killing the remaining inhabitants, plunder their huts.

While trying to enumerate the villages, a very curious custom came to light. We found that the Shom-Pen were in the habit of selling their children to the coastal tribes for a few fathoms of red cloth and several large Burmese dahs or knives. Although this is a form of slavery the children themselves were really very happy.

About two years ago the Nicobarese petitioned the Indian Government to be transferred to the control of the Colonial Office as they wished to safeguard themselves against the Indian trader. Formerly to protect themselves they would murder the crew of a trading vessel in cases of dispute. Deprived on their annexation of their natural means of defence, in the course of years they have steadily come under the traders' influence, and in 1915 it was found that the natives were in debt to the extent of 29,000,000 coconuts.

To solve the problem, the Government decided that the traders should be allowed five years' grace, and at the end of the period the total debts outstanding should be written off. At the same time the traders were forbidden to grant further credit.

The climate of the Nicobars is similar to that of Sumatra, and the potentialities are as great. There is scope for cattle ranching on the islands of Trinkat and Nankauri which abound with wild cattle, and no doubt lessors would soon be found to export cattle to India and elsewhere on a royalty basis. The Nicobars remain a virgin field, and only await the advent of capital to develop their resources.

NATIVE TYPES: *Left*—A scantily clad inhabitant of Chowra, the only island in the Nicobar group where the manufacture of cooking pots is not "tabu." *Right*—A chieftain and his son

A European Survey

AN HISTORIC BID TO SAFEGUARD THE PEACE OF EUROPE: Signor Mussolini (*left*) and Monsieur Laval, the French Foreign Minister (*right*), signing the pact which they made on behalf of their respective countries in Rome last week. The two statesmen have agreed (1) That should the independence of Austria be menaced, France and Italy would consult between themselves and with Austria on the measures to be taken. (2) That they should invite the Central European States to conclude an agreement of non-interference in their respective internal affairs. (3) That the Franco-Italian frontiers in Libya and Eritrea should be revised

THE SMILING EXILE: Ex-King Alfonso of Spain with his daughters, the Infante Maria Christina (left) and the Infante Beatrice (right). The wedding of the last named to Prince di Civitella Cesi Torlonia was arranged to take place in Rome on January 14. The bride is twenty-five years old

A POINT OF GRATITUDE: A traffic policeman surrounded with gifts from motorists—a typical scene in Rome on the Feast of the Epiphany, the great present-giving day in Italy, which in this respect corresponds to Christmas in England

A STATESMAN EN FAMILLE: Two charm ng studies taken in the Austrian Chancellor's home in Vienna. *Left*—Frau Schuschnigg. *Right*—The Chancellor with his wife and their son, Kurt. Dr. Schuschnigg came into power after the assassination of Dr. Doll uss in July of last year, and he is now engaged in putting into operation the scheme of national reconstruction begun by his ill-fated predecessor. He is only thirty-seven years old, was educated at Innsbruck University, and entered Parliament as a Christian Social Deputy in 1927—immediately making a deep impression on account of his sincerity and the brilliance of his oratory. In 1932 he received his first Cabinet appointment when he was made Minister of Justice. He has definite monarchist sympathies

THE ICY HAND OF WINTER

While the South of England has experienced cold and wet weather, heavy falls of snow have occurred in East Anglia and the North, making motoring both unpleasant and difficult. It is evident that the two horsemen are negotiating this road outside Norwich with much more ease than the car following them

IN THEIR ELEMENT

Owing to the vast floods, which, at the m
of Somerset, sportsmen are enjoying the ra
from a boat over what was, but

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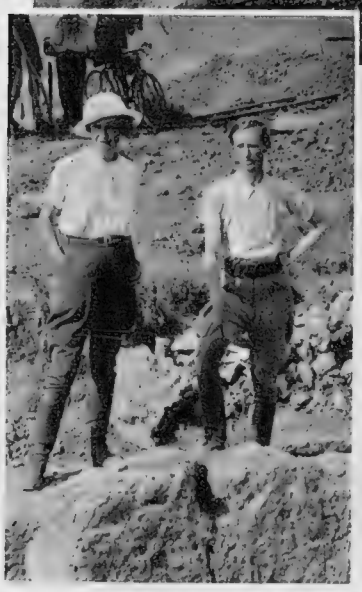
ITALY UNEARTHING HER PAST

Recent Finds by the Banks of the River Sele and in Rome's African Colony—Leptis Magna

"VENUS": A beautiful terracotta statuette unearthed near the River Sele by the Magna Grecia Society, which has recently completed a successful season's work in Southern Italy. The scene of operations was about seven miles from Paestum, the city founded about the year 600 B.C. by Achæan Greeks from Sybaris

CARVED IN SANDSTONE: Another metope brought to light by the Magna Grecia Society. It represents Hercules seizing the Delphic tripod



Left—IN THE DIGGINGS NEAR PAESTUM: Professoressa Paola Zancani and Professore Umberto Zonotti-Bianco, director of the Magna Grecia Society. During last season they found, among other things, traces of an ancient Greek temple which is not improbably that which Strabo referred to as having been built by the Argonauts

A METOPE (sculptured recess between the triglyphs on a Doric frieze) discovered by the Magna Grecia Society near the River Sele. It is of particular importance in that it contains human figures which, with the exception of remnants unearthed at Selinunte (Sicily), have never before been found on any temple in a western colony of Greece

WINGED VICTORY: A magnificent piece of sculpture from Leptis Magna, the city in Northern Africa which Septimus Severus did so much to beautify and where during the past few years the Italian Government has been carrying out extensive excavations. Its ruins are most imposing, and include ramparts, docks, a theatre, a circus, and other public buildings—all in a remarkable state of preservation

A HOLID

DESTROYER AND PRESERVER OF HERCULANEUM: Mount Vesuvius, the mighty eruption of which in the autumn of the year A.D. 79 buried the city with a stream of mud, mingled with ashes and pumice-stone. The lava is of such a thickness that archæologists throughout the centuries have found it extremely difficult to excavate the site, and it has only been during the past seven years that, with the help of pneumatic drills, anything approaching rapid progress in the work has been possible

THE VILLA OF A
scheme of exc
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BURIED TREASURE: This picture of a building in course of excavation shows the tremendous difference between the old and the new street levels and enables one to realize what an immense stream of lava must have poured from Vesuvius to bury Herculaneum to such a depth. To-day two towns, Resina and Torre del Greco, cover much of the ground above the city, and the Italian Government is having to negotiate with property owners in order to demolish houses to allow the work of digging to be carried on

BREAKING UP TH
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Resina whi

DAY RESORT of the ROMANS: The Latest Excavations on the Site of Herculaneum

F A WEALTHY PATRICIAN: One of the many buildings in the city which have been unearthed since 1927, when King Victor Emmanuel inaugurated the latest and most ambitious f excavation. With regard to Herculaneum's earliest history nothing appears to be known, but Livy relates that it fell under the power of Rome in the Samnite Wars. Towards the close of the Republic and during the opening years of the Empire it enjoyed great prosperity, many noble families patronizing it as a summer resort and erecting villas there

THE SOLID LAVA: Pneumatic drills at section of the excavations. In the back- two of the houses of the modern town of which will shortly have to be evacuated

PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK: Bronze statues and pottery recently unearthed in the city. Up to now no dramatic discoveries have been made, but the lack of big finds is clearly compensated for by the results of the scientific processes, now being applied, which preserve even the woodwork and furnishings of the houses and allow the visitor to see things almost as they were on that fateful day in A.D. 79 when Herculaneum was overwhelmed

PROTECTED FROM THE HAND OF TIME: A kitchen with cooking utensils, in a wonderful state of preservation, found at Herculaneum by Professor Maiuri, the distinguished Italian archæologist

SECRETS OF HERCULANEUM

Revealed During the Excavation of the City which for Over 1,850 Years has Lain Hidden Under a Mantle of Rock-hard Lava

At the foot of Vesuvius, Herculaneum, the buried summer resort of Rome's first century patricians, is gradually being revealed to the light of day. I have been through it in company with the great Italian archæologist, Professor Maiuri.

For three years Professor Maiuri has been trying to realize a dream which archæologists all over the world have been dreaming for centuries; surrounded by a small army of carefully selected men he has succeeded in clearing from the bed of solidified mud, lava, and cinders, houses, shops, temples, and streets which the Vesuvian upheaval swallowed in a merciless avalanche over 1,850 years ago, burying the whole city a few days after the annihilation of its larger sister, Pompeii.

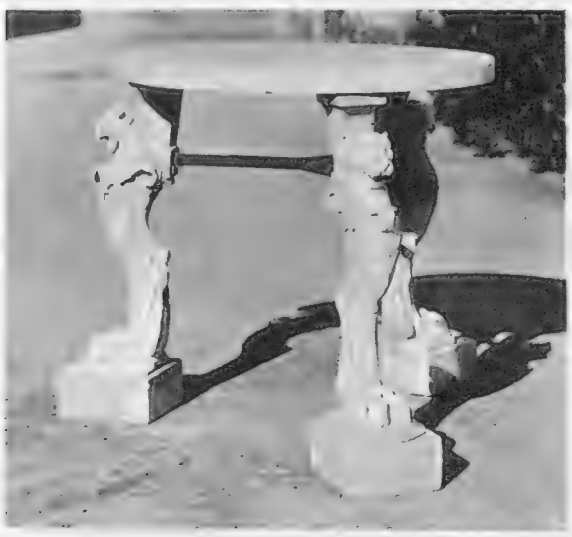
At Pompeii, Professor Maiuri told me, excavation work has been carried out in the open for centuries, but at Herculaneum past excavators have never done anything more than open up small tunnels through the lava, thus enabling the so-called archæologists of the time to pillage the city of all its most precious works of art. This systematic tunnelling has gone on for centuries with the result that it is now exceedingly dangerous and difficult to remove the thick strata of débris.

The archæologist to-day, continued Professor Maiuri, is not merely concerned with rescuing valuable art treasures from the soil, but is just as interested in restoring old monuments and buildings to their original state so that people may be able to visualize more accurately the social and domestic life of past civilizations.

It will take, perhaps, hundreds of years to clear the whole of the city from under its bed of thick lava, more especially as a new town—the town of Resina—has been built partially over Herculaneum, but we are at last beginning to see an important corner of this marvellous city and to get a more accurate knowledge of its past.

"Judging from the buildings already brought back to light, from the innumerable works of art found in them, from the good taste displayed by their builders, we may already conclude that Herculaneum—contrary to Pompeii—was not a commercial but merely a holiday centre—a quiet intellectual resort where artists, writers, great statesmen, and soldiers used to come and rest. Herculaneum was a meeting place for the aristocrats and for the intellectual classes; a well-stocked library has been found consisting of works written on papyrus which have miraculously escaped destruction, while in another house we have discovered some fine sculptures and bronzes. In some of the largest buildings the walls are so beautifully painted that they out-rival the frescoes at Rome and Pompeii. We are continuing our work and shall continue for years to come, as no doubt Herculaneum has yet many secrets for the archæologist, and many surprises are still in store for the world."

In a recent article in *The Morning Post* a correspondent of that journal gave a most interesting description of the progress of the excavations. "To look down into the excavated area of Herculaneum," he wrote, "is like looking into a quarry whose semi-circle of 80-ft. high cliff-face is margined with the remains of evacuated four-storey houses. The buried city covered in its day an area about the size of Holborn. A sector equalling not quite the size of Gray's Inn has been recovered, wholly or partially. It is slow, arduous, patience-demanding work. After the automatic drills have broken up the tufa rock as far down as roof-top level, the labour then becomes invested with all the care such as that exercised by a cutter of precious stones—with the added anxiety that the material may vanish into dust through unchecked exposure."



A GEM OF ROMAN ART UNEARTHED: A beautiful three-legged marble table found at Herculaneum. Note the artistic claw design of the feet

M. P. H.

DATING FROM THE FIFTH OR SIXTH CENTURIES B.C.: Immense blocks of travertine which have recently been brought to light at Eléa and which formed the foundations of the Greek Akropolis

MAGNA GRECIA IN ITALY

The Ancient Greek Colony of Eléa where a School of Philosophy Once Flourished and where Archaeologists are Now at Work

When Magna Grecia flourished in Southern Italy during the six centuries preceding the Birth of Christ, one of the Greek colonies was Eléa on the coast of what is now Basilicata, the province north of Calabria. Here, as everywhere, the Greeks have left traces of their three-fold activity as readers, warriors, and scholars. This was the seat of the famous Eleatic School of Philosophy to which the names of Xenophanes and Parmenides are linked.

Excavations now in progress on the site of ancient Eléa have already revealed the exact circuit of the old city walls, and have led to the discovery of a considerable number of tombs. The ultimate aim of the excavation works, however, is to lay bare the whole of the buried city mentioned by Herodotus (I 167) as ΥΕΛΗ or ΤΕΛΗΤΩΝ and then by Plato (Soph.) as Ελέα

It is not under either of these two old names that the ruins figure on up-to-date maps, but under the name of Velia given it by the Romans.

For those who seek the atmosphere of past ages, rather than detailed archæological study, the ruins of Eléa offer all one can desire by their isolated grandeur. The old goat-herd emerging from among the olive-trees on the hill-top might himself be a revived figure of the days when old Xenophanes wandered round the country preaching his philosophy in bard-like fashion to all those he came across. The picturesque tower of Velia on the hill crest overlooking a vast blue sea delights the heart of the artist, even though it be an eyesore to archæological students, who look upon it as a "modern" profanation. Its erection, in fact, which "only" dates back to A.D. 900, has been the cause of the disappearance of the old Greek Akropolis which stood in its place before it. The recently excavated foundations, however, consisting of immense travertine blocks certainly leave no doubt as to their origin from a far remoter past. They are presumed to date back to the sixth or fifth century B.C.

The now deserted expanse of sea which lies before one can readily become a vivid picture by letting imagination fill it with sails of the old Greek craft which used to come down from Massilia (the present Marseilles) laden with wares and seek shelter at Eléa, so appropriate a halting-place for the merchants on their way to the Levant. As the craft approach, imagination can again picture the merchants landing their wares on the beautiful white sandy beach and the population of Eléa running down to capture a first bargain, paying for what they bought with the artistic coins of their city.

Looking landwards the favourable position of Eléa for resisting the attacks of the Lucanians and Poseidonians clearly lies before one. The hill on which the mighty Akropolis stood forms a V-shaped strip of land lying between two rivers, Fiumarella and Alyntos (known as Hales to the Greeks) so that all attempts at surprise attacks on the part of the enemy always proved vain efforts. Thus it was that Eléa managed to keep its independence for many centuries until it finally fell into the hands of the Romans. But even then did its spiritual clinging to Greek traditions never forsake it, as is proved by the inscriptions found on the roadside on which the Latin and Greek idioms lie engraved side by side.

But both traders and warriors of ancient Eléa would have been lost in oblivion had the ancient city not also produced great thinkers who have carried its name through to posterity as the seat of the famous Eleatic School of Philosophy. The greatest of these, Xenophanes, was not a citizen of Eléa by birth, for he came over as did the first settlers as an exile from Kolophonia after this city had fallen into the hands of the Persians. He greatly cherished Eléa as his adoptive town, and it was here that he first met Parmenides, who is said to have been his disciple and who is looked upon as the actual founder of the Eleatic school.

W. E. G.

THE PICTURESQUE NINTH CENTURY TOWER AT ELEA, beneath which have been discovered the foundations of the much older Greek Akropolis

FILM FACES

Stars of the Silver Screen

ANN SOTHERN: A comparative newcomer to Hollywood, whose latest film, *Her Sacrifice*, was recently presented at the Dominion. Her two pets, the duck and the rabbit, were both Christmas presents from fans

SYLVIA SIDNEY who plays the part of Tonita, an Apache Indian girl, in Paramount's domestic drama, *Behold My Wife*, which had its London première at the Plaza on Friday of last week

JEAN PARKER who stars with George Raft and Anna May Wong in *Limehouse Nights*, which has had a successful run at the Plaza and which is shortly due for general release. She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and a big future is predicted for her

AILEEN MARSON: Until the end of last month she was appearing on the stage in *The Wind and the Rain*, and has also just completed two pictures for British Lion, *Ten-Minute Alibi* and *The Green Pack*. The latter will soon be shown in the West End

SUSPENDING WATERLOO BRIDGE

How the Engin e ing Against a lapse of the a Vital Stage in Demo

A MATTER OF STRESS: A general view of the bridge as it is to-day, showing how the top hamper has been demolished—a stage of the work that was accomplished quite easily. Now the engineers are engaged in removing the arches—a task of the greatest difficulty on account of the fact that each arch is dependent upon the others, and if one were to be suddenly taken away the rest would collapse like a house of cards. To solve the problem temporary steel trusses (top left) have been built from pier to pier and these will take the entire strain

THE BRIDGE ABOVE THE BRIDGE: The temporary steel trusses which will maintain the balance of thrusts. Cranes, operating from the top of the trusses, will be used for removing the arch stones

A CLOSE-UP VIEW SHOWING PREPARATIONS FOR PLACING STEEL CENTERING BENEATH AN ARCH: When this is in position work can commence on the removal of the granite blocks above

DRILLING A HOLE IN THE FLOOR OF A CORRIDOR OVER ONE OF THE ARCHES: Through this will be passed one of the bars linking the steel truss above with the centering beneath

AN ARCHITECTURAL enormous cleft

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Wholesale Col-
Structure during
the Work of
lition

MASTERPIECE RENT ASUNDER: An
made through a section of the bridge
by the engineers

AN EFFECTIVE SYSTEM: Men being hoisted aloft to continue work on the construction of the steel centering beneath one of the arches. This centering, which is suspended from vertical bars passing through holes bored in the granite and attached to the truss above, will in turn support the arch and thus allow of it being removed stone by stone without any interference with the balance of thrusts against the piers

Waterloo Bridge is to-day but a shadow of its former self, and in a few short months John Rennie's famous structure will be no more than a memory. The manner in which it is being removed is of the greatest interest, and the plan for demolishing the arches is, in particular, one of considerable ingenuity. When the steel trusses and the steel centering (referred to above) are all in position the taking down of the arches will begin immediately. This phase of the work was described very clearly in an article which appeared a short while ago in *The London County Council Gazette*. Here it was stated:—"Each arch will be treated in three longitudinal strips. The stones in the two outer strips will first be removed simultaneously, starting with the centre stones and working evenly towards each pier. When this has been done, the middle strip will remain as a very narrow arch, and its weight will then be transferred to the suspended centering so that the load is borne by the overhead temporary steel trusses. Once the load is transformed from arch thrust to suspended load any danger to the structure as a whole is gone. On removal of the remains of the arches the centering will be lowered on to barges and towed away, and the steel trusses removed. The demolition of each pier and its foundations will then proceed inside a steel sheet-pile cofferdam and the material will be loaded into barges by means of derrick cranes working from the staging built round the cofferdams. The erection of the staging and the programme for the removal of the piers will be so arranged as to cause a minimum of interference with traffic passing up and down the river."

A PIG OF PEDIGREE: The champion of champions at the Redhill Fat Stock Show last December

THIS BACON

What the Ministry of Agriculture is Doing to Assist the Pig Breeder

"What is this bacon business, with its marketing schemes and its quota regulations? How is it operated, and what is it doing to help British trade? Above all, how does it affect me, the consumer?"

The man in the street, who has no time to delve into details, would probably like a simple answer to those questions. Let us see if we can provide it.

During the past fifty years the demand for pig products in this country has steadily increased, but our farmers have failed to keep pace with it, mainly because of the instability of the markets. Foreign producers have naturally taken advantage of the situation, and to-day we import some 600,000 tons of pig meat annually, of which over 60 per cent. comes from Denmark. The Danes have made a study of the requirements of the English market, and have taken special care to meet them; consequently Danish bacon holds a strong position in the favour of the British housewife.

In recent years, however, several important moves have been made to put the British pig breeder on his feet again, and these have already produced highly satisfactory results.

The National Pig Breeders' Association has assisted the farmer with practical advice on the breeding of pigs to meet specific requirements and has done excellent work to maintain and improve the standard of British pedigree pigs; it has also worked by means of propaganda to convince the housewife of the truth that British pork and bacon compare favourably in price and quality with any other kind.

The Ministry of Agriculture, with the assistance of the National Farmers' Union, has instituted a system, operated by the Pig and Bacon Marketing Boards, whereby British farmers may breed pigs under a definite contract for their disposal at regulated prices according to specified grades.

The Board of Trade has regulated imports on a sliding scale, so that, while allowance is made for Dominion products, the home pig-breeder shall not suffer from unfair foreign competition.

Now let us see how these bodies are co-operating.

There are twelve recognized breeds of pig in this country, of which the most important are the Large White, the Middle White, the Wessex, the Berkshire, and the Tamworth. Some of these are bred for pork, some for bacon, and some for both purposes. The National Pig Breeders' Association, which was founded in 1884, and is the largest pig-breeding society in the British Isles, has kept complete and accurate records of these five breeds for over half a century, and furnishes its members with pedigrees to ensure the purity of their stock. Its rules require that the progeny of pure-bred boars and sows shall be ear-marked within ten weeks of birth, either by tattooing the ears or by cutting V-shaped notches in them, so that there shall be no mistakes of identification later. It also organizes shows, provides judges, offers prizes, and promotes various schemes to assist the industry.

It has long been recognised that the best brands of English bacon are superior to the best imported bacon. Why is it, then, that English-cured bacon supplies less than a quarter of the home-market demand?

The principal reason is that, until recently, our farmers have not studied the markets; they have bred pigs without sufficient regard to the requirements of the trade.

The housewife dislikes too much fat, because it is wasteful; what there is must be firm, and never soft or oily. The lean must be well interlayed with fat and must be moderately hard, yet never tough, while full of flavour. When she pays for best streaky bacon she expects to get it, and therefore her grocer demands good "middles" to be able to supply her.

So the breeder must supply the bacon curer with pigs that are long in the back in order that the sides will cut up with deep, heavy "middles," with a high proportion of lean in the right place. He must supply the pork butcher, on the other hand, with pigs in which the more expensive joints are well developed while the cheaper parts of the carcass are light. He must realize, too, that tastes differ according to locality. The demand for small pork, for instance, is centred chiefly in Smithfield Market, while the demand for plump porkers and fat sows is greater in the Black Country and the North of England.

All these demands can be met by scientific breeding and organized marketing, and that is what the new schemes are designed to develop. The British pig-breeder is now being encouraged to adopt methods similar to those of the Danes, who have been running co-operative bacon factories for nearly fifty years and have had subsidized and State-recognised breeding centres for thirty-nine years.

Gradually the old haphazard methods will be swept away. The little lean-to pig-sties are being replaced by warm, dry, roomy, well-ventilated piggeries with weatherproof walls, concrete floors, and adequate drainage—for, contrary to the popular opinion, no farm animal is really so clean in its habits as the pig, and probably none suffers so much if obliged to exist in wet, foul, cold surroundings. Where pigs are kept in the open, movable shelters are provided so that

THE GOSSIPS: Two Middle-Whites—a v

IN A HEREFORDSHIRE FARMYARD: This sow evidently has more offspring than she ca with, as one of them is having to be fed by bottle

LITTLE PIGS BENT ON GROWING FAT FEEL THE PANGS OF HUNGER: A gap in the boards of their sty forms a useful peep-hole when they are on the look-out for the man with the bucket

BUSINESS

a variety much in demand for breeding porkers

can conveniently cope

Virtues and Difficulties of the New Scheme

The first reduction of foreign imports—by some 15 per cent.—was made in November, 1932, by a "gentlemen's agreement" with the eleven principal foreign supplying countries, and further reductions were made by voluntary agreement from time to time during 1933 with the object of arriving at a reasonable balance between British and foreign produce by the time the marketing schemes came into operation.

It was estimated that the annual United Kingdom bacon production would amount to about $1\frac{3}{4}$ million cwt., but it was discovered that the total number of pigs contracted to be sold to the curers in the first contract period represented nearly 3 million cwt. of bacon. This unexpectedly high figure necessitated a further reduction of 16 per cent. in foreign imports, and as it was found impossible to secure this by voluntary agreement a quota was enforced. Denmark, however, is still guaranteed 62 per cent. of the total foreign imports to this country, a state of affairs that has aroused considerable criticism in some quarters.

Other unforeseen difficulties of an internal nature have arisen in connection with the Pigs Marketing Board, which has some 147,000 registered producers on its books.

The curers have complained, for instance, that at certain times of the year they have experienced a shortage of supplies from home farmers while at other times they have been supplied with more than they could tackle. This has been largely due to the practice of breeding only at certain times of the year. To encourage the farmers to breed so that the supply shall be more evenly distributed in accordance with the demand—which is greater when there is an "R" in the month—the Board now offers a bonus to those who supply not less than 25 per cent. of their contract during the first four months of the year, and not more than 45 per cent. during the last

(Continued on p. 108)

they may be moved to different parts of the farm for foraging. Feeding, too, is on a scientific basis, and expert herdsmen are employed to attend to the breeding and rearing of pigs of a uniform standard based upon commercial requirements.

In order that there shall be neither a glut nor a shortage on the market, the Ministry of Agriculture has stabilised the total market supplies of bacon and ham at 10,670,000 cwt. per annum (a figure based on the average of supplies between 1925 and 1930), and as the supplies of home and dominion products increase, the imports of foreign products will be decreased in proportion.

SINGING FOR HIS SUPPER: Noisy impatience at the tardiness of his evening meal

An entertaining study at the trough taken from an unusual angle

PIGGY BACK

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT ASSISTANCE BOARD, the new body which on January 7 officially took over from the local authorities the administration of transitional benefit and Poor Law Relief. Left to right—Sir Ernest Strohmenger (deputy chairman), Sir Henry Betterton (chairman), Mr. Thomas Jones, Miss Violet Markham, Professor H. M. Hallsworth, and Mr. M. Reynard

U.A.B.

The Functions of the Unemployment Assistance Board Explained

By J. BAKER WHITE

When the social history of the present half-century comes to be written, three dates—June 28, 1934, December 11 of the same year, and January 7, 1935—will stand out as being of the first importance. On June 28, 1934, the Royal Assent was given to a Bill, duly passed by Lords and Commons, authorizing the establishment of the Unemployment Assistance Board and laying down its duties. On December 11, 1934, there were laid before Parliament the new plans and scales of State assistance for the unemployed and destitute. January 7, 1935, was "the first appointed day" on which these scales came into force. Thus quite quietly, without sensation or excitement, have the elected representatives of the British people made great changes in the principles of a system that has existed for some 350 years.

The relief of the poor and needy of the parish was recognized as a public duty in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Since then destitute people have been entitled to relief by the Poor Law authorities. At the same time since 1920 there has evolved the system of unemployment insurance, providing for the registration of all insured workers—there are more than 12,500,000 of them to-day—and their relief, subject to certain conditions, when out of work. The Unemployment Bill passed in June last does far more and opens a new era of social service. It makes arrangements for maintaining in periods of unemployment the whole of the able-bodied wage-earning population and non-manual workers earning less than £250 a year. It covers some 18,500,000 people, or 6,000,000 more than come within the scope of unemployment insurance. Since 1930 the local authorities have administered State relief to persons who were workless but who for one reason or another were ineligible for unemployment benefit

Under the new Bill this is to be done through the Unemployment Assistance Board machinery, and "need," not destitution, will be the test applied in the future. From the Armada until to-day, the destitute have received "relief." Under the new Bill those in want will receive "allowances." There is a wealth of social difference in these words.

The Chairman of the new Board is Sir Henry Betterton, C.B.E., soon to be a Baron. At the Ministry of Labour he proved that he had administrative ability of the first order, and it is doubtful whether it would be possible to better this appointment. The other members of the Board are Sir Ernest Strohmenger, K.B.E., the deputy chairman, who has had much experience in the Ministries of Shipping and Health and latterly at the Treasury; Professor H. M. Hallsworth, C.B.E., Professor of Economics at Armstrong College; Mr. Thomas Jones, C.H., the Secretary of the Economic Advisory Council; Miss Violet R. Markham, C.H., who has had great experience of organising work amongst women, and Mr. Mathew A. Reynard. Mr. C. W. G. Eady, C.B., C.M.G., is Secretary of the Board, and like certain other Government boards it has its offices in Thames House.

Working in conjunction with it will be the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee appointed by the Ministry of Labour. It will be in some sense the watchdog of the taxpayer, in that its main duty will be to keep an eye on the finances of unemployment insurance and benefit. The Board's salaries will not exceed £12,000 a year, and will be paid out of the Consolidated Fund, which is not subject to vote of Parliament, but the salaries of its officers will be voted by Parliament, as is the case with the rest of the Civil Service. The Board, of course, has its officers throughout the country, assisted by local advisory committees and appeal tribunals, and they will work through the existing machinery of the Ministry of Labour employment exchanges. That very briefly is the machinery that has been set up (*a*) to place unemployment insurance on a permanently solvent basis; (*b*) to take over from the Poor Law authorities all able-bodied persons not benefiting from unemployment insurance, *e.g.*, agricultural labourers; (*c*) to transfer responsibility for such persons from the local to the central authority; and (*d*) to apply what is known as the "means" or "needs" test on a uniform scale throughout the land.

The regulations approved by Parliament at the end of the last session for the working of the Unemployment Assistance Board, and the new scales of benefit approved at the same time are the first-fruits of its labour. And they are very encouraging, for while the statutory regulations are made sufficiently elastic to meet the needs of exceptional cases, and bear signs of the warm touch of human sympathy instead of the ice-cold grip of bureaucracy, the new scales of benefit give due recognition to the needs of the workless. The basic scale for the new allowances is shown in the table given below.

Compared with the existing scales of unemployment benefit a man and his wife without children get less assistance. On the other hand children's allowances are increased, unmarried householders get smaller allowances, and lodgers are put on a separate basis. Allowances can be made where deemed necessary, towards rent, and towards the purchase of household equipment such as cooking utensils and bedding, where there is a proved shortage of such necessities. All this will of course, cost money. How much exactly it is not yet possible to say, but the Board estimates that a further £3,000,000 a year, in addition to the present £41,000,000 will be distributed in transitional payments. In one way or another the State will have to provide something like £8,000,000 a year more than in the past. This will come out of the pockets of the taxpayers, direct or indirect, but there will be an appreciable relief to local rates by the removal of the burden of maintaining certain needy persons. The needy man in applying for relief will find little change in the arrangements for dealing with his case. He will go to the local officer of the Unemployment Assistance Board instead of the Poor Law authorities, and there is every reason to think that all, save the professional exploiter of relief, will receive sympathetic treatment.

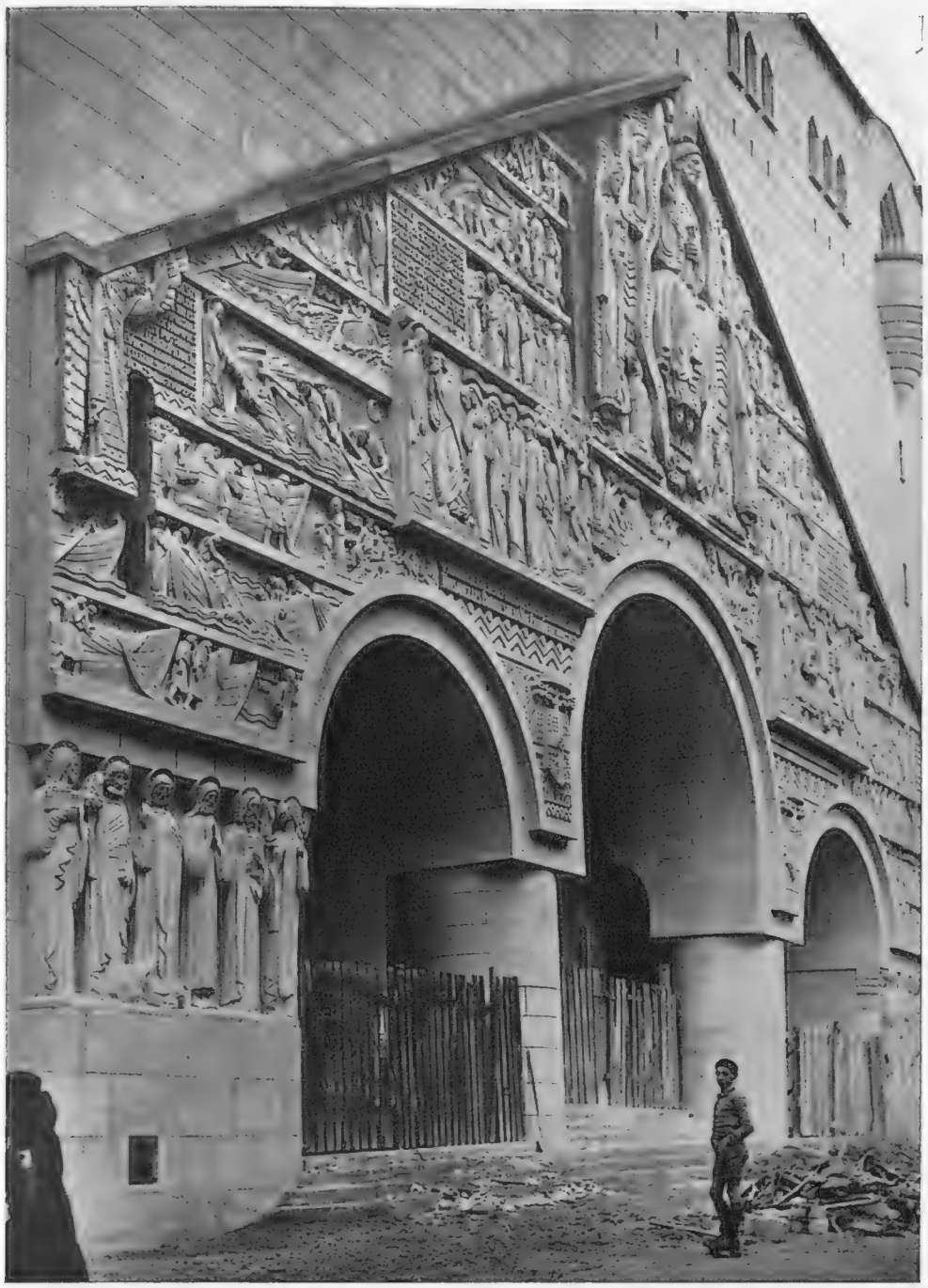
Poor Law relief will continue to exist, as there are in every town and village in Britain needy people who are not able-bodied, who are prevented by sickness or disability from working, and who thus do not come within the scope of the new scheme. They will be dealt with as in the past by the local authorities. These authorities have the power to fix what scales of benefit they consider fit, and the money has to be provided by the ratepayers. That is why the rates are high in "distressed" areas, and there is a general tendency for municipal bodies having Socialist majorities to increase the scales of relief. This happened in London, for quite recently the Socialist controlled County Council voted an additional £150,000 for out-relief, bringing the allocation for last year up to just over £2,000,000.

The New Scale of Unemployment Benefit

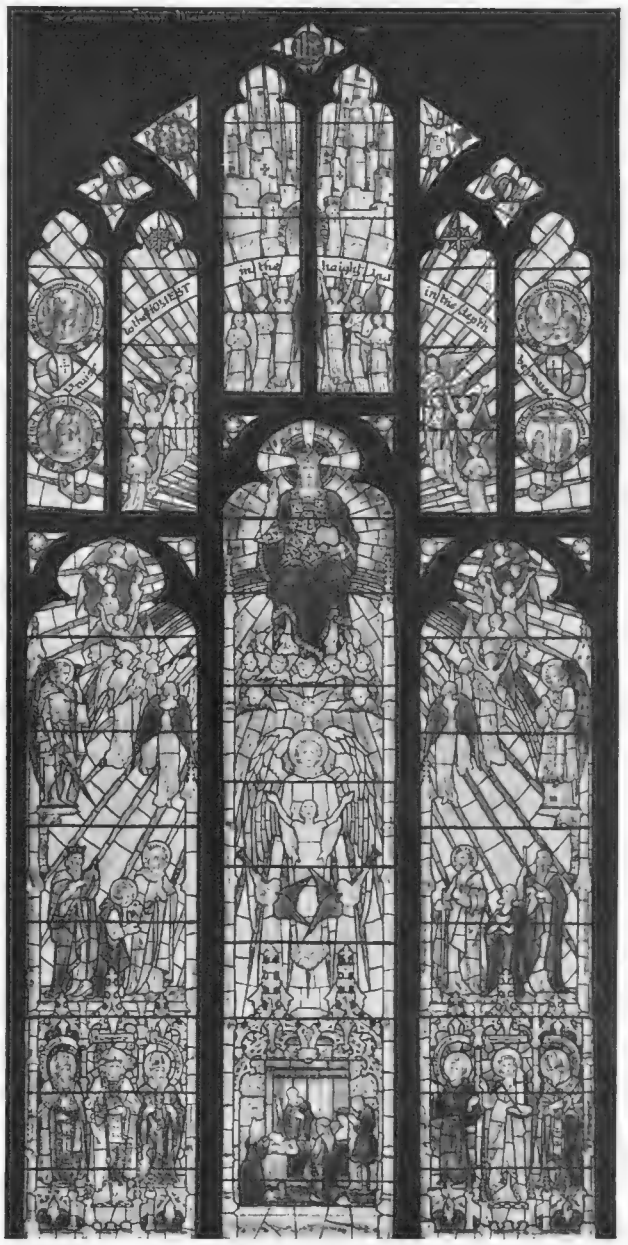
	Weekly
(a) For the householder and the householder's wife or husband	24s.
(b) For the householder where rate (a) is not applicable: Male	16s.
Female	14s.
(c) For each member of the household to whom the foregoing rates do not apply:—	
If 21 years or over:—	
For the first such member: Male	10s.
Female	8s.
For each subsequent member: Male	8s.
Female	7s.
If 18 years or over, but less than 21: Male	8s.
Female	7s.
If 14 years or over, but less than 18	6s.
If 11 years or over, but less than 14	4s. 6d.
If 8 years or over, but less than 11	4s.
If 5 years or over, but less than 8	3s. 6d.
If under 5 years	3s.
For persons living alone, who are defined in the draft regulations as "persons living otherwise than as a member of a household consisting of two or more persons," the basic scale of allowances will be:—	
(a) If 18 years or over: Male	15s.
Female	14s.
(b) If under 18: Male	13s.
Female	12s.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

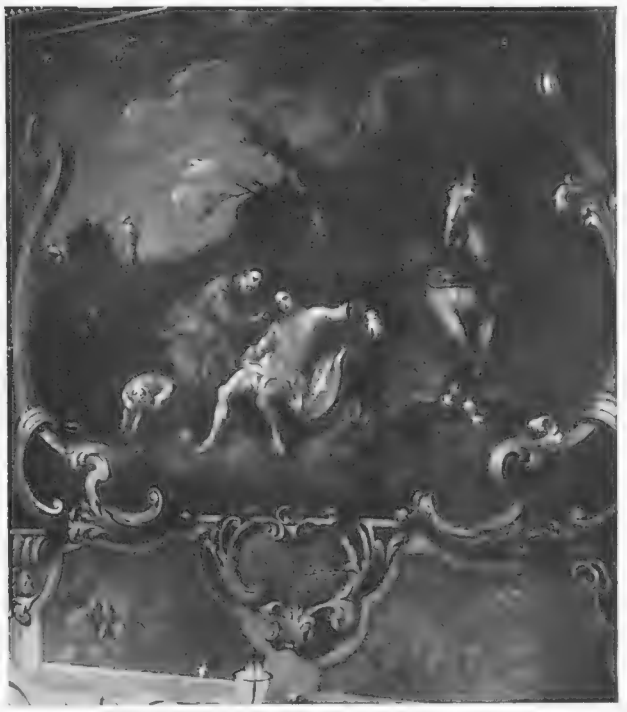
Ancient and Modern



CONTEMPORARY ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTURE: The elaborate façade of the newly-built church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, in Paris, which was recently dedicated by Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris. The panels depict various incidents in the New Testament



THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO SIR EDWARD ELGAR, the great composer, which is to be placed in Worcester Cathedral. It is the work of Mr. Archibald Nicholson, the eminent artist in stained glass, and illustrates Cardinal Newman's poem *The Dream of Gerontius*. Mr. Nicholson recently designed the west window at Wells, and examples of his art are to be seen in many cathedrals and parish churches throughout the country. He is a younger brother of Sir Charles Nicholson, the architect



REVEALED IN ALL THEIR PRISTINE GLORY: "The Pool of Bethesda" *(left)* and "The Good Samaritan" *(right)*; the two masterpieces by Hogarth on the walls of the staircase of the great hall at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which, until recently, were so clotted with brown paint and coats of varnish that many of the figures were almost completely obscured. They have now been restored by Messrs. Clark of Jermyn Street, under the direct supervision of Sir Alec Martin, Secretary of the National Art Collections Fund, and the skill with which the work has been done is evident in the two illustrations above. The public (at a charge of 1s.) are now being given an opportunity of seeing these wonderful compositions which, though not typically Hogarthian, were painted at the time when the artist was at the height of his powers

The WORLD of BOOKS

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

TWO NOTABLE WOMEN WRITERS whose latest works have just been published by Messrs. Collins. Doreen Wallace (*left*) is the author of *Little Howe*—a story with a Cumberland farm as its setting, which is recommended by the Book Society. Ann Stafford (*right*) has written *Silver Street*—a novel of London life in the *Grand Hotel* manner

Wit, Wisdom, and Understanding, in Four Short Novels by Rebecca West

Lady Eleanor Smith creates a Living Narrative Out of a Conventional Theme

I have heard it said that Miss Rebecca West's reputation, at its highest, rests upon her critical writings. Undeniably she is a fine critic; powerful, witty, profound. Yet there is evidence in her work that these exercises have not extended her full powers. It is from human, rather than literary, material that she builds for that degree of permanence that is the prerogative of genius.

Alas, journalist that she is, so much of it is launched upon ephemeral—and sometimes very shiny—paper. But evidence to support the claim will be found in that monograph, written on the death of D. H. Lawrence, now happily available in book form. None better than Lawrence himself could work so vividly with human material, and I rate it the highest compliment that Miss West is his equal with the same method.

The are four "short novels" (how I hate these labels) in **THE HARSH VOICE** (Cape. 7s. 6d.). With a leisureliness that conceals great art they move swiftly, each to its anything but diminutive drama. The first perfectly balances the see-saw of love and hate in an intolerable marriage. The man, indecisive, vacillating, yet playing safe; the woman poised, domineering, backing certainties with the air of a gambler, yet concealing a frightened soul.

The last, which is perhaps the best, a study in plunging vitality drawing the same sacrifice from two women, poles apart. Another of a woman who never would know why she deserved all she got. The one I like best is "There is No Conversation," an exquisite piece of characterization showing how two people can proceed to the far ends of misunderstanding though mutually upon the same ground.

There is wit, wisdom, understanding, and a great talent in these stories. Nor do I know of any English writer who can handle the American language with the assurance Miss Rebecca West displays in some of them. Surely that in itself is very remarkable; indeed, it is almost unique.

A thing is novel, the dictionary tells us, which is so much out of the ordinary as to strike us with surprise, and I believe I have found a book of which this definition is true.

SNOW PEOPLE (Methuen. 5s.) is a novel about Eskimo life by a distinguished Eskimo author, Mr. Taeki Odulok. The scene is the north-eastern part of Siberia, a land that is perpetually snowbound, and in which the people, up to a few years ago, lived under Stone Age conditions of unbelievable hardship.

Although presented as fiction this story seems to be largely autobiographical, and the adventures are told with that authentic simplicity and force which are rarely the result of imagination alone. Some of the details of the Eskimo home life are a little staggering, but they seem to be included as part of the natural happening, and not for effect.

Here is more adventure, but adventure at the other end of the scale of probabilities. **BULL-DOG DRUMMOND AT BAY** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is Sapper's new contribution, and in my opinion one of his best. In this the excitement is of the kind which can, I hope, only belong to fiction, and that is in itself a great charm.

Beautiful girls, Mexican drugs, international crooks, moated granges, madmen, and of course Drummond's two trusties, Standish and Darrell, are just a few of the reasons why I read this book at one hair-raising sitting.

The heroine of Lady Eleanor Smith's **TZIGANE** (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is an acrobatic dancer, and an authentic gypsy, and since the authoress writes with authority on all things concerned with Romany lore, she has made a good novel out of what might easily have been a banal subject.

The young Hassina loves Brazil, the lion tamer, an impressively florid figure, and, incidentally, a very good lion tamer. But although they are betrothed he leaves her for a while, as his career becomes more successful and offers tempt him further away. While he is gone Hassina is engaged as a dancer at a tourist-ridden café in Seville, and is "discovered" there by an English manager.

EVA LE GALLIENNE (daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the poet and literary critic) whose autobiography, entitled *At 33*, is published by Messrs. John Lane. The author has had an outstanding influence on the drama in the United States, and runs her own repertory theatre in New York

In London her success is immediate and immense (after all, that has happened before now), and convinced that Brazil is dead she marries an Englishman. He is a kind Englishman—of the kind who hand one hot-water bottles and do not read private correspondence—and, completely against her intention, Hassina loves him.

Brazil makes a sensational reappearance at a London circus, but, to her own bewilderment, the little tzigane is proof even against this, and the story ends both happily and convincingly.

The gypsies and the circus performers in this story are such very real people, and so are the country house characters, that they lift the whole thing out of the conventional tradition of circus stories and make a living narrative of it. The cover design by Dame Laura Knight is delightfully in the spirit of the book.

BLACK CONSUL (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is a fine attempt to write an epic novel round the life of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the negro general who, in the 1790's led a rebellion against the French in Haiti, having taken the cry of "Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!" as a rallying call to the negro people.

M. Vinogradov stages his theme against a strictly accurate historical background. Robespierre, Saint-Simon, Danton, many of the great figures of the French Revolution appear, but with a kind of brilliant audacity M. Vinogradov has made them subsidiary characters to his black general.

I cannot agree with the publishers when they claim it to be the precursor of a new literary school, because I can remember a book called *The Forerunner*, by Dimitri Merejkowsky too clearly. I think, too, that it falls between the two stools of orthodox Soviet literature and Tolstoyan realism. It is exceptionally well written, and I found it more than ordinarily interesting to read a presentation of the Marxist view of the French Revolution.

"So the swords of the conflicting classes were crossed," writes the author, "above the heads of the pigmies who, somewhere far below in the ant-heaps of the Salle de Manege, were attempting to stem the rising revolutionary flood which had been raised, not by agitation nor by the whims of individuals, but by the struggle of those who had nothing more to lose against those who wanted to wring more and more profit out of other people's labour."

Particularly in the latter half of the book, where the story is most closely concerned with Toussaint himself, the author writes with passion and imagination, and the death of the black consul in his Alpine prison is a fine piece of lucid, unsentimental description.

"Eighteen years passed. On a small island in the great ocean there died unhonoured the man whom Toussaint had once called the First Consul of the White People."

The translation by Emile Burns is notably good.

I could not understand an announcement on the wrapper of **MARY READ, THE PIRATE WENCH** (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) which read "Not only exciting fiction but authentic fact," for surely it must be one or the other? And surely the exploits of this amazing woman pirate have as accredited a female place in our country's history as those of Lady Hester Stanhope.

Those who have seen the dramatization, now running in London, and witnessed Miss Flora Robson's fine performance as Mary Read, will find little of the atmosphere of the play in this book. It is an incredible story, always exciting, sometimes thrilling, and Mr. Frank Shay is well justified in taking the method of fictionized biography to his subject. He takes the story swiftly and colloquially along and knows how to exact full measure from dramatic climaxes

If you like first-rate adventure stuff, with the added spice of a ring of authenticity, then this is your book.

A BOOK LIST

CONSTABLE.—EARLY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS: Essays in Revaluation. By David Cecil. 10s. net. WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.—UNRELIABLE HISTORY. The first "omnibus" collection of Maurice Baring's work. 7s. 6d. net. SOUTH TO CADIZ. By H. M. Tomlinson. 7s. 6d. net. THE AUTHORISED LIFE STORY OF PRINCESS MARINA. By Grace Ellison. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. THE TALE OF TWO HORSES. By A. F. Tschiffely. With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Illustrations by the Author. 6s. net. SHEPHERDESS OF SHEEP. By Noel Streatfeild. 7s. 6d. net. IF THIS BE ERROR. By Martin Hare. 7s. 6d. net. GOD'S SOLDIER: GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH. By St. John Ervine. Illustrated. Vols. 1 and 2. 36s. net, two vols. WARD LOCK & CO. LTD.—OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF TO-MORROW. A Scientific Forecast of the Men, Women, and the World of the Future. By Professor A. M. Low. 8s. 6d. net. WISHART.—THE APPLE IS BITTEN AGAIN. By Olive Moore. 6s. net. JONATHAN CAPE.—FLORIAN: An Emperor's Horse. By Felix Salten. Translated from the German by Norman Cullick. 7s. 6d. net. VICTORIA REGINA: A Dramatic Biography. By Laurence Houseman. 10s. 6d. net. METHUEN.—ADVENTURES AND ACCIDENTS. By Lord Baden Powell of Gilwell. Illustrated. 5s. net. PUTNAM.—BROWN JACK. By R. C. Lyle Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. SONS OF SAWDUST: With Paddy O'Flynn's Circus in Western Ireland. Written and Illustrated by Edward Seago. 10s. 6d. net. LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By Bryan Guinness. 7s. 6d. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—SCOTT'S BOOK: The Life, and Mildenhall-Melbourne Flight of C. W. A. Scott. Told by Himself. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. NOW WE SET OUT. By Susan Ertz. 7s. 6d. net. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. By Gavin Holt. 7s. 6d. net. CHATTO & WINDUS.—WATKINS' LAST EXPEDITION. By F. Spencer Chapman. With an introduction by Augustine Courtauld. Illustrated. 15s. net.

A TIME FOR TWEEDS

Coats and Suits for the Spring, and Foundation Garments that Solve the Problem of what to Wear for Sport

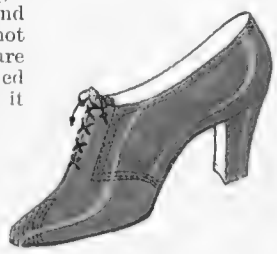
It may seem rather a far cry to the Spring, but just around the corner are the first warm days, so it is as well to know what we shall wear when they arrive.

Tweeds, of course, and with them the gayest of accessories. Very neat, very practical, and very colourful.

An excellent square scarf is sketched at the head of this page. It is of soft, uncrushable silk, in navy, red, or green, patterned in white with a design of skis and sticks. Its price is 18s. 6d.

The shoe, which is meant for walking or spectator sports wear, is of brown calf, unobtrusively but most decoratively stitched. These cost 45s., and lace high across the instep.

And now for the problem of what to wear beneath shorts or any other sports clothes. A beautifully-shaped uplift brassière in hand-knotted filet, as light as a feather, and very attractive, is shewn at the head of this page.



And a belt, which is strong and delightfully cool, and which cannot ride up even if the suspenders are not used. Made in an open meshed net, which incorporates Lastex yarn, it gives complete freedom of movement with a more than adequate degree of support. It costs 32s. 6d., and the price of the brassière is 7s. 11d. All these things come from Lillywhites of 24, Regent Street, S.W.

ELOQUENT ACCESSORIES

For squash, for tennis, for wearing with a spring suit, this heavy lisle thread jumper is ideal. Perfectly shaped, with raglan sleeves and a demure, turned-back collar, it fastens at the neck with crystal buttons, and is made in the loveliest pastel colours. It comes from Lillywhites, whose sports clothes and accessories grow more interesting every season, till one wonders what further room there can be for possible improvement. Their new Spring jumpers are just arriving, and certainly they are much too good to be overlooked

An interesting scarf in a beige woollen fabric with a mottled surface is seen on the left. Once tied, it is kept in position by three barrel-shaped buttons—a detail which will appeal to those women who have a feeling for precision in such matters, for it is never an easy task to keep a scarf close about the neck. However well they are tied in the first place they are apt to slip. The sports hat has an upturned brim pierced across the front by a metal quill that is particularly effective

"COME GIVE US A TASTE OF YOUR QUALITY": Hamlet (John Gielgud) listens to a speech from one of the actors who has arrived to give a performance at the Court of Denmark. A scene from John Gielgud's production at the New Theatre, which is proving one of the successes of the season

DRAMA

Free Trade in the Theatre World : The Garbo's English Co-Star : Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth : Black Magic at the Royalty

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

THE DUEL : Glen Byam Shaw as Laertes and John Gielgud as Hamlet

Somewhere between the greyness of London's January and the crisp sparkle which dances along the famous skyline of New York there is a graceful, slim ship, the *Stella Polaris*, bound on a course which will lead her round the world for three months.

After New York, she will rove through many and strange sunny waters, visiting islands whose names sound like those of fairy-tale travel and, to one passenger, at least, she will seem an enchanted vessel bound on an enchanted voyage, for the scenery — the flushed dawns and glowing sunsets, the emerald seas and swaying palms — will be real and tangible. For him it will be a change indeed from the paint and canvas and limelight of the theatre!

For that passenger is Philip Page, who for so long has written this article and who, for so many years, has spent nearly every evening of his life in the theatre.

It is not very easy to deputise—during this temporary and envied absence of his—for one of the foremost dramatic and musical critics of the day. I can pretend to neither his wide knowledge nor his matured experience; all that it is possible for me to do is to endeavour to describe, to the best of my ability, that which I see in the theatre of 1935.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT VICTORIAN : Disraeli (Derrick de Marney), having proposed to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis (Sophie Stewart), and having been refused on the ground that the difference in their ages is too great, forces her to look in the mirror and to agree that she is still beautiful. A brilliantly acted scene in *Young Mr. Disraeli* which has just celebrated its fiftieth performance at the Piccadilly

Talent From Abroad.—I have already noticed that a very important factor in the entertainment world is clamouring for public opinion. Doubtless, in the next few weeks, arguments for and against the employment of foreign artists will be brought forward again and again.

In a trade-unionized world, each and every profession must safeguard itself to preserve its own integrity, but in the theatre the laws set up for its government and protection must be permitted a certain elasticity in enforcement. Its art is becoming more and more revolutionized in the swift growth forced upon it, for in every country new methods of the conveyance of meaning are emerging to the great enrichment of the players' possibilities.

One has only to visit some of the ancient revivals in this their periodical season—and, listening to the creaking of their cumbersome and rusty machinery, realize to what smoothness and flexibility a modern performance can aspire.

If that steady growth of expanding presentation is to persist there must be "Free Trade" amongst those who discover fresh possibilities and their correct interpreters.

We have absorbed many of the best and greatest brains which are now working for our benefit in England; we have as well the opportunity of gaining, as we desire, the greatest talent for our instruction and experiment. In the past year such foreign

SHOWS TO SEE

"STREAMLINE." — Very entertaining. Can be seen more than once. Invite your solicitor, doctor, bank-manager, aunts of some sophistication; anyone's wife upon whom you wish to make an impression, if she wears good jewellery and clothes.

"HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE."—Greta Nissen's dancing will give country uncle—from whom you have expectations—a good time. Debutantes appreciate Douglas Byng, if they have not been round the town too long.

"BLACKBIRDS."—Safe choice for a bachelor evening.

"THE BING BOYS."—For your employer. If he is above thirty it will probably soften his heart. Ask him for a rise, in the bar, before the last interval.

"SWEET ALOES."—All elderly relations. They appreciate Diana Wynyard's charming manners.

"THE DOMINANT SEX."—Will provide you with opening for conversation when dining out.

talent has served us well enough to prove its value and should make us desire more.

We have had the Bergner to show us haunting appeal, and sweep us into the radiance of childhood surviving into maturity; soon we shall have Greta Mossheim, little heard of as yet here, but thrice running the winner of the "Ring"—Germany's coveted prize for the best performance of the year. We have seen Clair Luce, a flame of vitality, again returned from New York to film with Seymour Hicks; we have had a glimpse of E. E. Stern's scenic artistry to bring us contact with Reinhardt's genius; that itself we shall see later, for his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which in Hollywood was seen by 100,000 people in eight days, is to come to London.

In our "Free Trading" we cannot complain that our artists are not reaping their measure of success abroad. Sybil Thorndike has taken New York by storm, and playing to capacity at every performance. Noel Coward is presenting in New York from Boston, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, to his great satisfaction. The list of stars in Hollywood must be as long as the alphabet!

Even the Garbo's co-star is an Englishman!

Herbert Marshall in *The Painted Veil* (the film version of a Somerset Maugham story which was recently presented at the Empire, Leicester Square) is permitted a greater number of feet of film than, I should imagine, any other actor who has played with Hollywood's trump card. It is a pity that as the story progresses further and further from Maugham's creation, he should not have an opportunity of disclosing an enhancement of attraction to account for his sudden and brisk capture of his erring stage-wife's affections. Since she had so clearly and conclusively declared that "she had never loved him" one is left to conclude that it can only be absence which made her grow fonder.

The Garbo's performance, itself, is one at which to wonder. That the human countenance, whatever its beauty, can with no muscular movement convey such change, such expressiveness, such emotion, seems unbelievable. There is a "close-up" in which she stands rigid and staring into distance. One knows that for so long she has stood, holding herself in sick horror of contact with even walls which are to her—leprous! She is living in a madness of fear and disgust, and the self-control she has practised has graven lines on her face and hollowed it into age. Even her hair hangs limply.

There is no change in the light which falls on her face, fully. She stares and yet, as she stares, her face alters. The age fades, as if with an inward glow, youth and beauty return—and without a movement.

That close-up is the answer to the criticism that the smile which holds a dimple on its right side belongs to a youthful double.

At the same time, in a film in which detail is so studied, I was surprised to notice that in the gruesome, shrouded corpses carried out of the cholera-stricken village, there was the same mistake made as in the sculpture of the Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. In death the toes fall outward; they do not, neatly, point!

Plans for Merle Oberon and Flora Robson.—Over luncheon, a short time ago, Mr. Alexander Korda told me—since formally announced—that Flora Robson would play Queen Elizabeth in his new film as soon as the run at His Majesty's finished. Since there has been a slackening of new plays momentarily, I went to see her performance as "Mary Read" once again.

Despite a brief impression of Elizabeth, rendered by Lynn Fontanne in the *Guardsman* which to me conveyed the very essence of that feminine riddle in history, I do not think he could find an actress more fitted to interpret both Elizabeth's greatness and her spite. Particularly if the "robustness" which is so great a feature of her swaggering masculinity in *Mary Read* is exchanged for the driving force which in Elizabeth took the place of health.

No one can doubt Mr. Korda's genius nor his ability to wipe out, if necessary, a century of history, to create a meaning in his pageantry, but I was somewhat dismayed when he told me that he visioned Merle Oberon as Mary, Queen of Scots, rivalling Elizabeth and paying the tragic penalty.

As Anne Bullen, preparing for the scaffold, Merle Oberon's youthful charm in its exquisite piteousness rang true and was unforgettable all through *Henry the Eighth*. I should not like to see her wistful beauty obscured in portraying that sorrowful remnant of prematurely-aged loveliness, who, crippled with chronic rheumatism from eighteen years of imprisonment, was almost carried to the velvet scaffold to her bitter, bungled execution; who was described in the words of Lord Burleigh's eye-witness as being "round-shouldered, of body corpulent, her face fatt and broade, double-chinned and with borrowed hair, auburn!"

"I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU:" Four of the principals in *Jill, Darling!* the musical comedy at the Saville. *Left*—Frances Day and the inimitable Arthur Riscoe. *Right*—John Mills and Louise Browne, who provide the sentimental interest

"The Father of Lies."—This play about black magic at the Royalty, which began its run on January 10, should be a lesson to anyone who happens to have toad's venom, the skull of a maid, poison, a hank of hair, and a rusty rapier, to burn with all possible speed the recipe for their use.

At this time of the year there is usually enough illness in the house and to raise the Devil who instantly moves into the best bedroom to indulge in a nice attack of bronchitis, is an impractical form of Black Magic!

David Bedford, played as adequately as could be expected by John Stevens, should have considered how dangerous so sudden a change of climate might prove to the Visitant he invoked!

Certainly the Devil, Sam Livesey, coughed with painful realism, and one could not wonder that in self defence he should do all in his power to make the inhabitants of the house to which he had been summoned as uncomfortable as he.

Winifred Shotter as Mary, the frail barrier opposed to his Satan-ship's fell intentions, was charming, although the unbecoming lighting of the stage rendered her features almost invisible. Stricken with blindness by the vitriol-throwing parlourmaid, Mavis Clair (a neat performance, hers), her helplessness was convincing without exaggeration. Muriel Aked's genteel tippling was a real delight, and when, in the last act, all the fearful changes in the formerly serene household were shown to be merely a figment of the invoker's imagination, one did so regret that she should not have, after all, "the thousand bottles of gin" her satanically-prompted sister had promised to bequeath her. The impression that, despite her gentility, she would so obviously have enjoyed them, was the most convincing in the play.

Gesture on the Stage.—When Pierre Fresnay, the Frenchman, who played Noel Coward's part opposite Yvonne Printemps in *Conversation Piece* gave his polished portrayal of the refugee Duc, I thought that seldom had a young actor conveyed so much with a wave of the hand or a flick of a lace handkerchief.

In a costume play the stock gestures of opening a cigarette case, lighting a match, thrusting the hands in or out of pockets, are unavailable, and, unless there is certain action provided, further movements so often may prove affectation or effeminacy. In Derrick de Marney's grace, playing the young Disraeli (in *Young Mr. Disraeli* at the Piccadilly Theatre) we see an actor who is astonishingly aware of his hands and their use.

One's eye cannot be distracted from their purport even for the charm of Sophie Stewart, when, as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, later to be his wife, she sits beside him, delicately embroidering with the femininity of the period.

His wrists have a suppleness and his fingers, whitened, long and bejewelled, in their restless movements are as eloquent as any lines he can speak. More than the striking resemblance of his "make-up," his hands portray the fiery, temperamental youth which, in the melting pot of disappointment and furious ambition, is to be fused into the genius of Disraeli.

It is an interesting contrast to the repose of John Gielgud's few but telling gestures in *Hamlet* (now at the New Theatre). Even in the "duel" scene there is a restraint as studied but as important, and it focusses attention upon the almost unearthly beauty of his dying face against its striking background.

"GOD MARK THEE, THOU WAST THE PRETTIEST BABE THAT E'ER I NURS'D": Katharine Cornell as Juliet and Edith Evans as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, which was presented at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, after the finish of the Gilbert and Sullivan season. *Right*—Brian Aherne as Mercutio. This is his first important Shakespearean part

PANORAMA: The Place du Gouvernement in Algiers—a picture which gives an excellent idea of the attractive layout of the city

THE DEFILE OF KANTARA: A beauty spot a few miles from Algiers

IN A SUB-TROPICAL SETTING: The Summer Palace of the Governor of Algiers and its lovely garden

FRAMED IN LIVING ROCK: Looking through a tunnel on the main road from Bougie to Djidjelli

ALGIERS

North Africa's Tourist Centre de Luxe

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B., F.R.G.S.

IT is a strange turn of the wheel of fortune that has made Algiers, the once dread city of the Deys, which not only stood guard over the hinterland of North Africa, a Muslim stronghold, but sent out its swift-sailing corsairs to harry the coast of Europe, to capture Christian vessels and bear their passengers and crew into captivity, the greatest centre in North Africa for tourist traffic, and the finest and most popular winter resort along the coast! This is largely due to the excellent facilities for visiting Algiers which are provided by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, in conjunction with the P.L.M. Railway. Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday a special boat train runs between Paris and Marseilles-Joliette in connection with sailings of the steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, doing the journey in about twelve hours; and the run across to Algiers, by vessels ranging from 4,145 to 5,232 tons, takes only twenty-three hours. This brings Algiers very near to London, and offers a great inducement to people who are anxious to winter in a warm, sunny climate to do so in a centre which provides its visitors with all the luxury of European winter resorts and the added attraction of an African setting.

Seen from the sea, Algiers stirs one's imagination with its buildings of dazzling white stretching along the water-front, and high up on the slopes above yet other white-walled houses rising, in terraced form, to where an old fortress mounts guard over them, standing out in strong relief against the green of lofty wooded hills in the background. And when you land you find that Algiers is not merely a fine city with splendid boulevards, handsome buildings, and shops where you may purchase the wares you would find in the capitals of Europe, but that it has an old-world quarter, dark alley-ways, and narrow crooked streets with picturesque old Moorish houses flung together, so it appears almost anyhow, and straggling up the hill-side until they cluster like bees about the fortress of the Kasbah, where once ruled the grim Deys of Algiers; the last of whom, in a fit of anger, struck the French Consul, which brought about the downfall of the Deys' rule.

You can step straightway into the Algiers of the past, a curious compound of the African and the Oriental; here a crowded bazaar, which might have been wafted on some magic carpet from Baghdad; there a market-place, where the wares and the vendors alike bear the stamp unmistakable of Africa; but when you start to bargain for an article, be it market-place or bazaar, the routine is that which is common to Africa and the East, and which links up Algiers with Baghdad in a fraternal bond. For those who have a discerning eye, there are still bargains to be obtained, with patience and diplomacy, but burnouses in Algiers often hail from Lancashire, curios from Birmingham, and jewellery from the South of France.

Algiers is thoroughly up-to-date in the matter of its hotel accommodation, sports facilities, and amusements. You can find good hotels of all grades, from the small and very moderately priced ones to hotels *de luxe*. There is a golf course and a polo ground, and there are many tennis courts; good sea-bathing and yachting are to be had, racing, fishing along the coast, and there are winter sports in the mountains of the Blida Atlas, less than 70 kilometres from Algiers, on the slopes of Mount Chrea where the ski-ing enthusiasts finish their season in February with a Snow Festival.

Theatres, concert halls, music-halls, cinemas, and dance-halls combine to give Algiers a brilliant air after sundown, and during the carnival season, when the official balls of the Governor-General, the Admiral, and the Commander-in-Chief are held it is particularly gay, whilst battles of flowers make the days extremely joyous.

Within easy distance of Algiers by motor car over good roads, many charming excursions may be made. At El Biar you get magnificent views of the Mitidja and the mountains of Kabylia; in the Jardin d'Essai, at Kouba, there are fine groves and avenues of palms and other tropical flora, whilst near by, on a hill-side above the Moorish Cemetery, is the *Grotte de Cervantes*, reminding one that for three years the immortal author of *Don Quixote* was a slave at Algiers!

At the Monastery of La Trappe—there are dolmens and other prehistoric remains to be seen at Guyotville on the way—you will be shown the desk on which Hussein Dey signed his abdication and the cession of Algiers to France, in 1827. A link with the old Roman days is the mis-called Tombeau de la Chrétienne, a colossal mausoleum of the Mauritanian King Juba II, whose consort was the daughter of Cleopatra. For scenery of the first order there are the trips to Blidah and the Gorge de la Chiffre, and, past the Roman ruins of Tizgirt, by the fine forests of cork-oaks of Yakouren, to Bougie and Djidjelli, the road between which skirts towering cliffs with fairy-like caves, and affords delightful glimpses of charming bays, lofty, rugged headlands, and a sapphire sea.

For those who have the time to spare a very pleasant way of getting to Algiers is to travel by sea all the way. The Nederland Royal Mail Line has a three-weekly service direct to Algiers leaving from Southampton; the trip is only a four-day one, and the vessels on this run are the large and luxurious liners of the Nederland Royal Mail Southampton-Singapore-Batavia service.

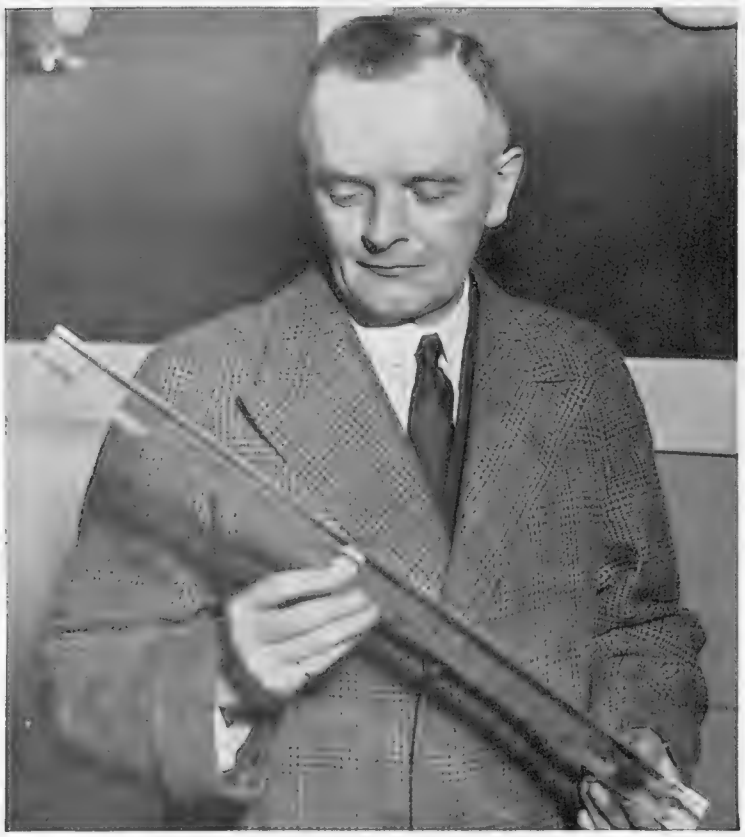
AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

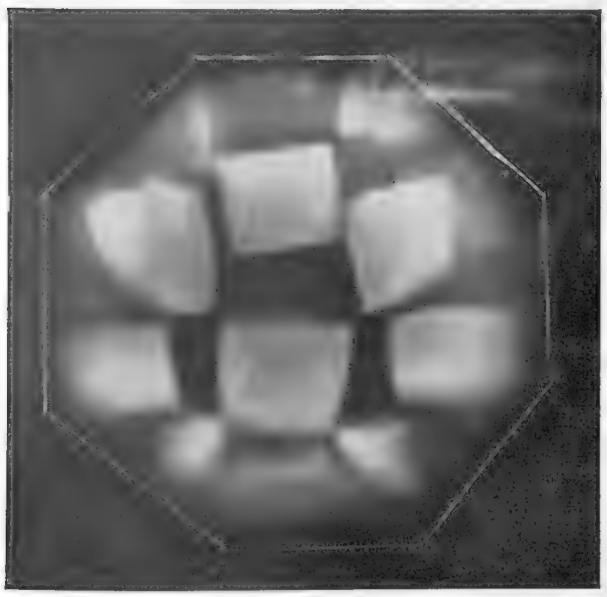
THE NEW "GLASS"

A Remarkable Transparent Synthetic Resin which has Caused a Sensation at the British Art in Industry Exhibition

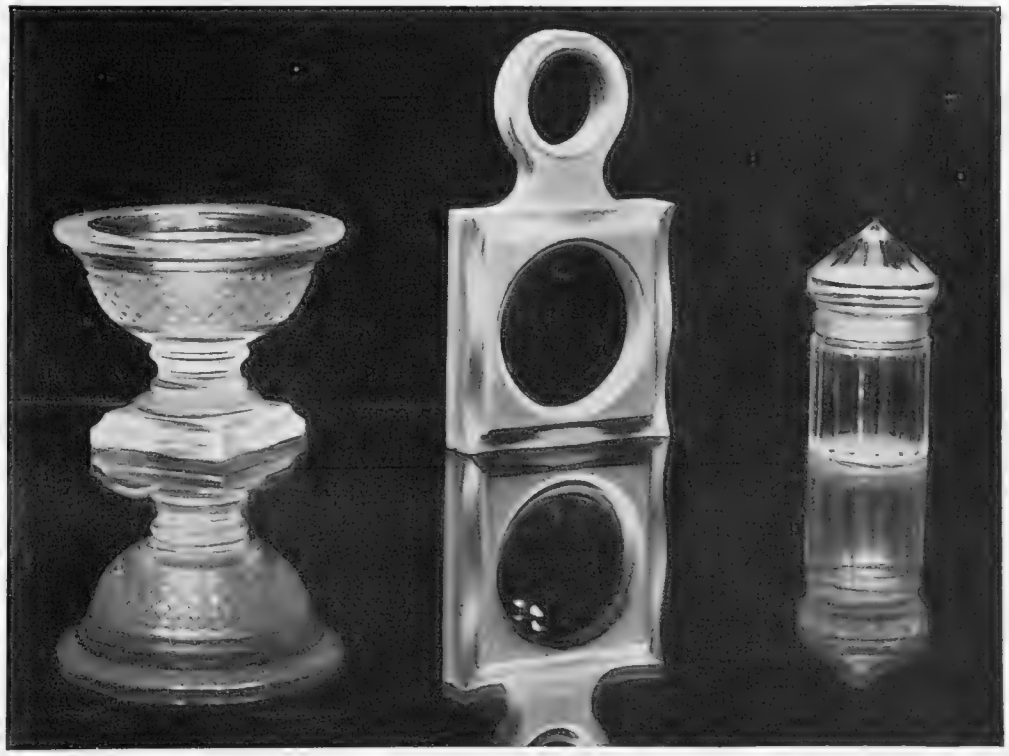


A PRODUCT THAT MAY REVOLUTIONIZE MANY INDUSTRIES: *Left*—A 2 ft. octagonal rod of the new "glass" which, after years of research, has recently been perfected in the laboratories of Imperial Chemical Industries. This material, derived ultimately from coal, air, and water, is similar in appearance to the finest glass and, although it melts easily and has certain disadvantages, there are a thousand-and-one uses to which it may be put effectively. It can be cut, chiselled, and worked like ivory. It weighs very little, is almost unbreakable, and is an amazingly efficient transmitter of light. *Right*—Mr. Maurice Lambert, the well-known sculptor, cutting a piece of the new material with a hack saw. He believes that it has enormous artistic possibilities and is at present using it experimentally

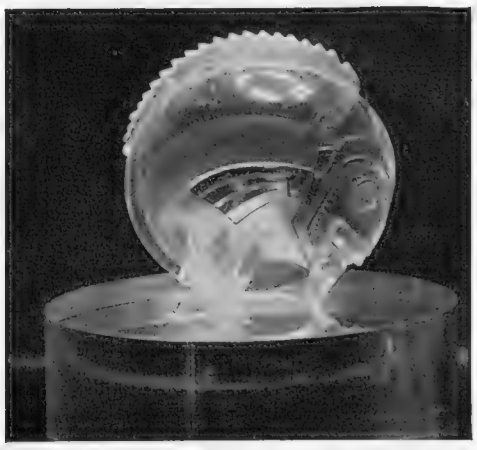
WORKABILITY: Another picture showing Mr. Maurice Lambert experimenting with the synthetic resin. One of its many important features is that when heated to a moderate temperature it softens and can be moulded



Left—PROOF OF EXCELLENCE: A card bearing a design representing the Prince of Wales' Feathers was placed at one end of a 2 ft. octagonal rod of the resin, and a photograph was then taken at the other end of the rod. The resulting picture, which is shown here, provides clear proof of the remarkable transparency of the material. *Right*—A carved fish on a plain cylindrical base on exhibition at Burlington House



ARTICLES MADE IN THE NEW MEDIUM: A turned pedestal sweet-dish, an ivory mounted magnifying glass, and a smelling salts bottle, which are at present on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry



During the past half-century invention has followed invention with such amazing rapidity that the layman can be excused for sometimes taking the genius of his scientific contemporaries a little too much for granted. There are, however, some discoveries which affect us all to such an extent that they simply cannot be overlooked. In this category we must place this new synthetic resin. What a world of possibilities it opens up! Here is a product that is practically unbreakable, and thus will prove invaluable for safety windows in aircraft. It transmits light far more readily than ordinary glass, and will appeal to makers of lenses. It is never cold to the touch, and could be employed effectively for bathroom floors and for the making of surgical instruments, such as stethoscopes. Decorators, sculptors, and architects, too, are certain to find a host of uses for it, and there is no doubt that when it becomes a commercial proposition, it will be used in nearly every home in the country

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION RESULTS

THE SOLUTION: From a drawing made by Percy Home

Winners of "The Sphere's" Pictorial Puzzle

As usual THE SPHERE Christmas Competition attracted a host of entries, and readers have shown considerable ingenuity in assembling the picture. Solutions have come to us from all parts of the world: from Japan, the Argentine, Egypt, Canada, Kenya, Holland, Greece, South Africa, Malta, the U.S.A., the Gold Coast, Sicily, Turkey, and Sweden.

This year a great number of readers have come within a reasonable distance of a correct solution, but two entries were clearly better than the rest. Between these two the judges found it impossible to differentiate and, accordingly, they tie for first prize. In view of this it will be noted that the first prize has been increased to £6 (£3 each), that there is no second prize, but that there are third and fourth prizes of £2 10s. and £1 10s. respectively.

John Shirley-Fox, one of the winners, produced an almost perfect background to his picture, but omitted to place the plank across the stream. G. M. Prynne, who tied with him, made no mistake in the foreground, but marred his entry by his positioning of the oast houses and of the trees near them.

JOINT FIRST PRIZE: From John Shirley-Fox, 16, Brock Street, Bath

JOINT FIRST PRIZE: From Captain G. M. Prynne, Deramore, Craigavad, County Down, Northern Ireland

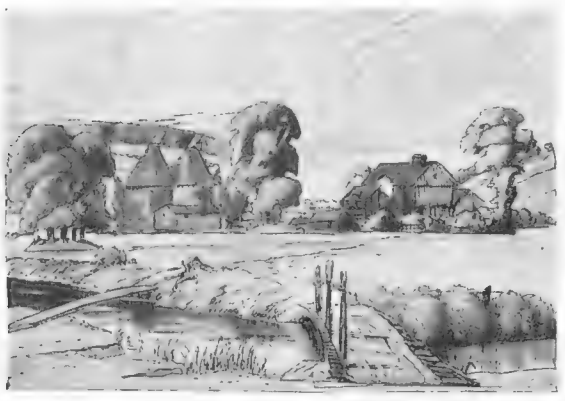
The third prizewinner was G. Harrisson of Dunkwa, Gold Coast Colony; and the fourth was Ethel Miller of Houghton-le-Spring, County Durham—both of whom made praiseworthy attempts which, however, failed in several instances on the score of accuracy.

This year the competition was made somewhat simpler than those that have been given before; but readers found some difficulty in determining the exact position of the plank and of the pair of oast houses. Actually the former item was meant to be placed across the stream, but many mistook it for a floating log or the stump of a tree.

Three entries in particular were of great interest. One was from an old lady of eighty-one; another from a reader in Sweden, who, unfamiliar with Kentish scenery, ingeniously created a picture which had no likeness at all to the original; and a third came from Moscow, where the competitor, evidently unable to obtain THE SPHERE for himself, had to make tracings from a copy in a public library.

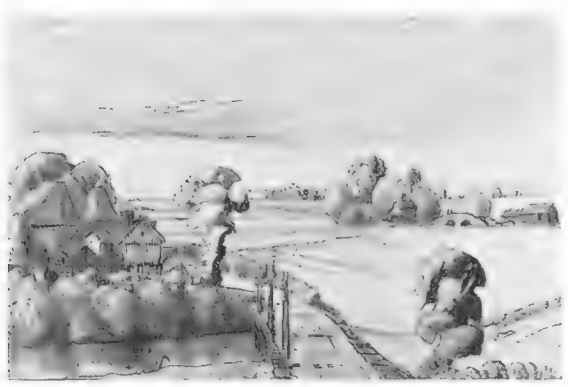
HONOURABLY MENTIONED.

A. V. Bramble, 3, Doughty Street, London, W.C.1; B. K. Watts, Campamento, Spain; I. Allen, 16, Llwyn-y-Grant Terrace, Pen-y-lan Hill, Cardiff; D. Leach, Buckingham Way, Wallington, Surrey; K. Coltman, Lutterworth Road, Aylestone, Leicester; L. E. Neame, 6, Sherborne Road, Parktown, Johannesburg; S. Ganter, 3, St. Mark's Avenue, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds; A. A. Smith, 116, Park Street, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada; M. J. West, 5, Berkeley Place, Wimbledon; — Salter, The Manor House, Dry Sandford, Abingdon, Berkshire; J. E. Budden, St. Mildred's Vicarage, Sefton Road, Croydon, Surrey; M. Miller, Downs View, Banstead, Surrey; M. Broadbent, 420, Bellevue Avenue, Wayne, Pennsylvania; and Nigel Bruce, 7, Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.7.



THIRD PRIZE: From G. Harrisson, P.O. Box 17, Dunkwa, Gold Coast Colony, West Africa

FOURTH PRIZE: From Ethel Miller, The Grange, Houghton-le-Spring, County Durham



TWO INTERESTING VARIANTS: That on the left is from a reader in Sweden and, although differing widely from the correct solution, the result is quite artistic

BLOSSOM-TIME IN THE FAR NORTH: A church in an orchard on one of the islands of Valamo

PILGRIMAGE TO VALAMO

A Visit to a Picturesque Group of Islands on Lake Ladoga, Finland

What is probably the only bit of "Old Russia," as Europe thinks of it, is to be found in Finland, and that is the reason why it has survived and become a centre of international attraction.

In the northern part of Lake Ladoga (Finnish Laatokka) there is a group of islands called Valamo, on which stands an Orthodox monastery. When Finland belonged to Russia (1809–1917) the 400–500 monks were chiefly Russians; nowadays the number has considerably diminished, and the few novices come from Karelia, Finland's most easterly province, on the Russian frontier, where most of the population are Greek Catholics.

The monastery was founded by St. Sergei and St. Herman in the fourteenth century; according to tradition they sailed to Valamo on a millstone!

The voyage from Sortavala—a small town on the northern coast of Lake Ladoga—to Valamo takes about three hours. The steamer threads its way through beautiful islands by narrow channels, passing tranquil farms and homesteads and even summer villas belonging to wealthier Finns. Then the landscape becomes wilder and grander, the islands rocky and uninhabited, and finally what looks like open sea is reached except for the place where the high white steeple of the main church of Valamo rises to view.

A narrow inlet leads to the harbour and the monks appear with their high head-dresses and black cloaks. They are not only devotional but industrious, cultivating the land and doing many kinds of skilled handiwork. The vegetation is rich, for though the winter is long the many hours of daylight in April and May bring on everything in Nature very rapidly.

"The Church of the Saviour," the main one, stands on a hill near the harbour; it was 200 years in building and is really two churches, one underneath the other, and the internal decoration has an Oriental splendour. The service is solemn and full of feeling; good voices sing in the choir and the unusually deep basses are fine. People holding lighted candles listen to the choir and the mass celebrated by the priest, while others kneel before the pictures of the saints. Out once again in the sunshine and fresh air one can visit the domestic establishment.

Close to the church are the dwelling-houses of the monks, a hostel for pilgrims and travellers and other buildings in connection with the monastery. There is also a churchyard where the former heads of the monastery lie buried.

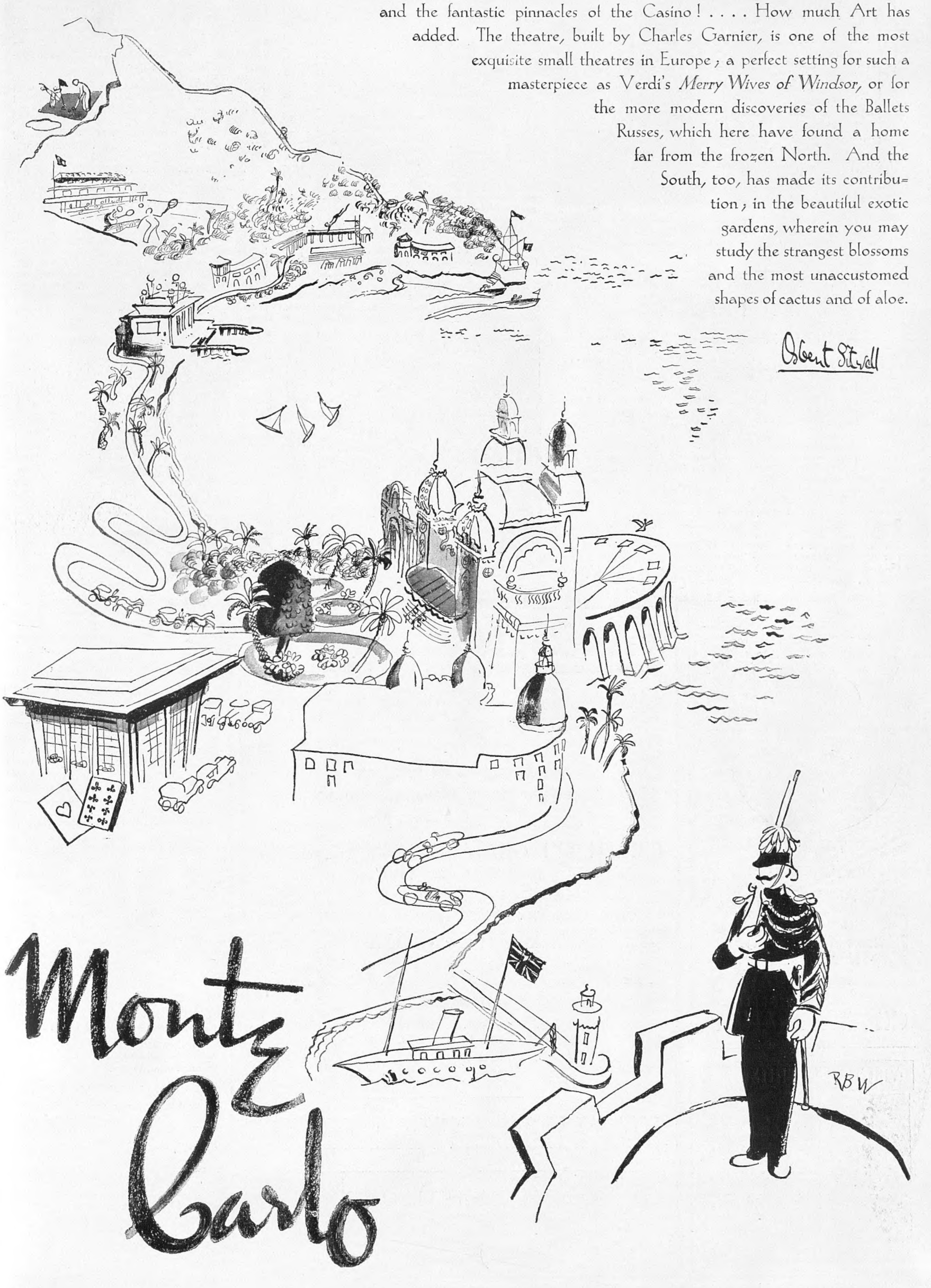
Pyhäsaari, "the Holy Island," is very much admired by visitors for its natural beauty. It lies apart, some miles distant, and contains a cave where a hermit once lived; now usually one monk lives there praying in the chapel and working in the garden. The island, with precipitous rocks rising from the sea, is imposing and yet picturesque.

Formerly, most of the pilgrims were wealthy Russians, who brought great wealth to the monastery. Nowadays, no one crosses this bit of the Finnish–Russian frontier running through Lake Ladoga, and the pilgrims are poor people from Karjala with empty hands but devout spirits.

A. D.

NOTE the delicious curving of the coast, the yachts, the sea, the palm-trees and the fantastic pinnacles of the Casino! . . . . How much Art has added. The theatre, built by Charles Garnier, is one of the most exquisite small theatres in Europe; a perfect setting for such a masterpiece as Verdi's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or for the more modern discoveries of the Ballets Russes, which here have found a home far from the frozen North. And the South, too, has made its contribution; in the beautiful exotic gardens, wherein you may study the strangest blossoms and the most unaccustomed shapes of cactus and of aloe.

Osbert Sitwell



ONE OF EUROPE'S FINEST SQUARES: The Karolinen-Platz, Munich, where Count and Countess Toerring reside. The bronze obelisk in the centre was erected by Ludwig I in 1833 to the memory of the 30,000 Bavarians who perished in the Russian War of 1812

THE TOERRING PALACE IN MUNICH

The Home of the Duchess of Kent's Sister

The Duke and Duchess of Kent during their stay in Munich spent most of their time at the beautiful Toerring Palace. It stands in the Karolinplatz, one of the finest squares in Europe, which was originally formed by fourteen palaces, all built by Karl Fischer in the early nineteenth century. The palace of the Counts of Toerring is the only one of the remaining six that stands completely unaltered. It formerly belonged to the Bavarian Crown Princes and is lavishly adorned in the typical Bavarian court style. The Toerrings bought it over one hundred years ago, and the family has owned it ever since. The Counts of Toerring are one of the oldest and noblest of Bavarian families. They claim to be able to prove their uninterrupted descent from the eighth century. The founder of the family, a nobleman, Tarringari, is mentioned in old chronicles as having accompanied the Duke Tassilo of the Agilofingers as early as 753. In 976 there existed a whole county of Toerrings, and in 1000 they fought for the Bavarians against the Hungarians, and had the honour of carrying the Bavarian banner into the front line of the battle. Later generations of the Toerring family have added many beautiful buildings to Munich, many of which are still in use. Two notable examples are the Portia Palace, built in 1693 by Count Philipp Joseph Toerring, which is used to-day as a concert hall, and the Palace opposite the Bavarian Royal Castle, which now houses the Munich General Post Office. The Toerrings have several beautiful country seats, the best known being the Seefeld Castle on the Pilsensee, which has belonged to the family since 1473.

For Hunting Folk

We have recently received a copy of Baily's *Hunting Directory* which is now in its thirty-eighth year and which is published by Messrs. Vinton & Company at 10s. 6d. This is an invaluable work, and of the greatest importance to hunting folk who wish to keep pace with events connected with their sport. The latest edition gives details of the personnel of the leading home, imperial, and foreign packs, and all the changes that have taken place during the past year are included. At the end of the book the results of the point-to-point meetings of last season are summarized, while there is also a useful ruled diary for the year.

THIS BACON BUSINESS

(Continued from p. 97)

four months. There is also an organization whereby the surplus of one area may be transferred to make up for the shortage in another. But even this does not solve the problem completely, and although the original number of pigs contracted for between the breeders and curers for 1935 was 1,680,000, there were still complaints of unequal distribution. The Board has recently issued a supplementary contract, therefore, under which breeders may supply an additional 450,000 pigs direct to the Board (without any limitations as to the time of the year) for distribution to curers who are short of supplies. Curers will pay the board 2d. per score on all these pigs, and the money will be added to the bonus fund. Of course, the balance to be allotted to foreign imports will have to be re-adjusted accordingly.

In the operation of a new scheme of this kind such difficulties are inevitable. But with the co-operation of all the bodies concerned and an increasing demand for British produce on the part of the British housewife, there is every prospect of the establishment of a flourishing national pig industry.

Fenn Sherie

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

F., Devonshire (Italy).—Two of the leading hotels at Bordighera are the Capo Ampeglio and the Reale, the former with terms from 32 to 54 lire per day, and the latter from 32 to 45 lire per day. A small, simple hotel, which has been recommended to us is the Bellavista, with terms from 18 lire per day. In Ospedaletti there is the Miramare Palace Grand Hotel, from 32 to 55 lire per day, and the Svizzera, from 25 to 32 lire per day. There is a large choice of hotels in San Remo, the best being the Excelsior e Bellevue Grand Hotel, with terms from 43 to 72 lire per day. Moderately-priced hotels are the Belvedire, from 32 to 36 lire per day, and the Grand Hotel et des Anglais, from 32 to 50 lire per day.

C., Argyll (Maps).—A good motoring map of Southern Germany and Austria is the Taride map, which can be obtained from Hachette Librairie, 18, King William Street, London, W.C.2; price 4s. The map is linen-backed, and can be folded up into handy sections; the distance between the towns is given in kilometres, the scale being fourteen miles to the inch.

H., Wilts (Yugoslavia and Italy).—The spring is a delightful time in which to visit the coast of Yugoslavia. The weather then should be quite warm with an equable temperature. Bathing is possible at Ragusa during the middle of March, but the water then is still on the chilly side. A good guide-book is *Dalmatia—the New Riviera*, by Geoffrey Rhodes. The middle of March is rather early for a visit to Venice, as you would find it still cold there at that time. The middle of April would be a much more pleasant time for a visit.

B., Yorks (Spain).—The return 2nd-class fare from London to Malaga via Dover-Calais is £17 14s. 8d. The ticket is valid for 90 days and the journey may be broken at Paris and Madrid or at other places along the route, for as long as one wishes. It would be wiser however to visit Madrid on the return journey, for it can be bitterly cold there in winter. Two English-run pensions in Malaga are the Villa Antonio, Calle de Antonia Truebe, Palo, and the Cooper Pension, La Celta. The former is situated in a quiet suburb, a tram-ride from the centre of the town, whilst the latter is close to the sea, in the fashionable quarter. The Villa Antonio is the less expensive of the two.

H., West Africa (Italy and Switzerland).—You would not find the resorts actually on the Italian lakes bracing during August and September, for the weather then is very hot and sultry. You could, however, stay at Alpino Fiorente, which is situated on the Monte Mottarone, overlooking Lake Maggiore, at an altitude of 2,549 ft. The 9-hole Stresa golf course is at Alpino, and the village is connected with Stresa by a funicular railway. The Grand Hotel at Alpino charges from 45 lire per day. Stresa itself has a very gay summer season, and during August there are international tennis tournaments and race meetings. There is an excellent 18-hole course at Pallanza, which is on the opposite side of a small bay from Stresa, and can be reached by boat, rail, or road. Behind Pallanza at a height of 2,630 ft. is the small resort of Premeno, where there are several small hotels, including the Moderno which charges from 23 lire per day. St. Moritz is 6,000 ft. above sea level, so that the air is fresh and bracing there even during the height of the summer. There is a good 18-hole golf course, and plenty of organized entertainments during the summer season. A comfortable pension is the Villa Aurora, with terms from 10 Swiss francs per day. Another suitable resort would be Caux, which is on the slopes above Montreux at a height of 3,830 ft. The Maria Pension charges from 9 Swiss francs per day. There is an 18-hole golf course in Montreux, and a very pleasant sandy beach.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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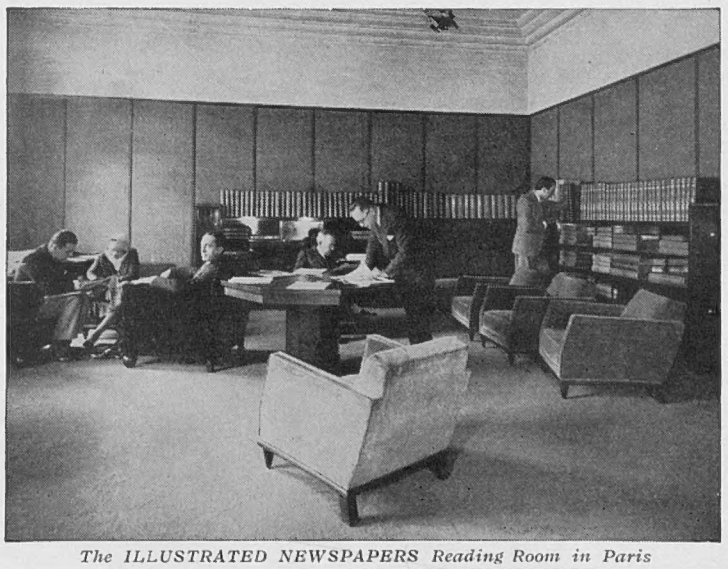

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When, therefore, the historian comes across a story like that of Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Monferrato, in the early seventeenth century, he is conscious of a sense of almost triumphant relief. For here is a tale to delight all hearts, in the best and fullest romantic tradition.

"The noble house of Gonzaga," says an old Italian writer, "forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice."

A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the infant Maria. This situation, being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it. . .

* * *

When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly "*Highness!*"

The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you."

Maria stared at him, speechless.

Then, "Why do you call me 'Highness'?" she whispered.

The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made, and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. "I shall tell you."

He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful, and she followed him obediently.

"You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you."

She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla, and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her. . .

* * *

She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming . . .

You'll enjoy every word of it—"The Romance of Maria di Monferrato," written by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

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